

1½d.

Daily Mirror

JUST OUT.
LONDON
MAGAZINE.
4½d.

No. 353.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

FRENCH "MAYBRICK" CASE.

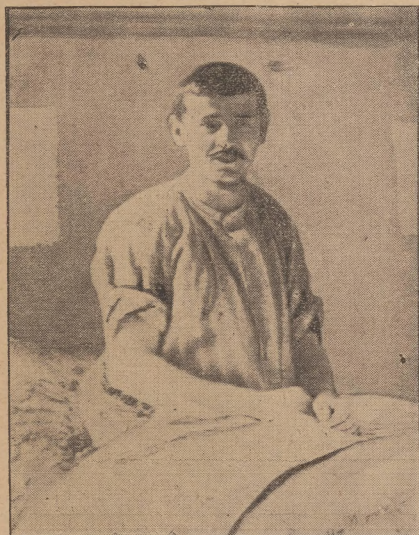
Mme. Massot, who has been sentenced to penal servitude for life for the murder of her husband, Captain Massot. Our photograph of Mme. Massot was taken by the husband she murdered.

MADAME SYVETON.

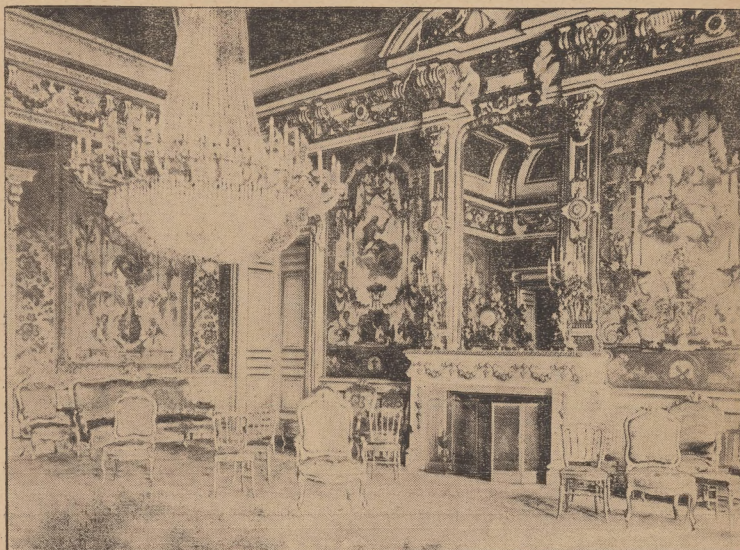
Who has made some remarkable revelations at the inquiry into the death of her husband, the well-known deputy.

COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

She has just returned to London from Paris, where she was under the care of Dr. Doyen, whose cancer cure has been the subject of much comment recently. — (Lafayette.)

VICTIM OF RUSSIAN OUTRAGE DYING.

John Ryder, of the Crane, who was injured in the Russian outrage off the Dogger Bank, is now dying in the Hull Infirmary. This photograph was taken shortly after the incident occurred.

WHERE THE NORTH SEA COMMISSION WILL SIT.

The magnificent chamber in M. Delcassé's palace, Quai d'Orsay, Paris, where President Loubet will receive the members of the North Sea Commission to-day. This photograph was specially taken for the *Daily Mirror* by permission of M. Delcassé.

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 5.

FORT BLOWN UP.

Japanese Gain Another Important Position at Port Arthur.

DASHING INFANTRY

Capture Guns and Ammunition Amid a Shower of Dynamite Grenades.

Slowly but surely the Japanese are fighting their way into the possession of Port Arthur.

It is now announced that on the 18th they captured the important north Keekwanshan fort.

They exploded seven mines, containing two tons of dynamite under the fort, in the small hours of the morning. A forlorn hope at once dashed forward, and sixty of the men were buried in the debris.

Dynamite grenades were used by both sides with deadly effect, but after offering a stout resistance the Russians had to give way.

Five field-guns, two machine-guns, and a large quantity of ammunition fell into the hands of the victorious Japanese.

They have also seized another strong position not far from 203 Metre Hill, from whence they will be enabled to push in between Liaotian and the headquarters in Port Arthur town.

The western wing of the attacking army has rushed a fortified hill a thousand yards from the Taiyangken forts. It was captured with but slight resistance on the 17th.

The Japanese are now strongly entrenched on it, and are also placing heavy guns in north Kikwan fort.

DISABLED FLEET ABANDONED.

The last news of the Port Arthur fleet is that the sunken hulls of the *Peresviet*, *Poltava*, *Pobieda*, *Pallada*, *Bayan*, and *Retvisan* have been abandoned by the Russians.

The torpedo-boat attack on the Sevastopol has been made the subject of an official report by Admiral Togo, who accords high praise for the skill and bravery shown in manœuvring the craft.

Two torpedo-boats were lost in the various attempts on the Sevastopol. The Japanese commander has no doubt but that she is now hors de combat. At least, six Russian destroyers are still remaining.

The artillery duel before Mukden is going on all along the line of entrenchments. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" states that the Japanese movement against the Russian right has been checked.

No details of any engagement, however, have come to hand.

The Japanese have dispatched from Dalny a large number of siege guns, which are being mounted opposite the Russian right. They are guns of the most modern type.

JAPAN'S DEAD HERO.

Supreme Gallantry of the Commander Who Torpedoed the Sevastopol.

Commander Yozoe, who was killed in the torpedo attack on the Sevastopol, is the hero of the moment in Japan.

Commander Yozoe's flotilla was under repairs when the attack was planned. He succeeded in putting one of his torpedo-boats into fighting condition and promptly steamed to the rendezvous, where he found that the other flotillas had already left.

His enterprise that he should be permitted to join in the attack was granted, and, steaming alone through the blinding snow, he succeeded in locating the Sevastopol. Approaching close enough to hear the Russians talking, he fired a torpedo, and then, going in still closer, he discharged another torpedo at the battleship.

A shell from the Sevastopol struck the heroic Yozoe in the abdomen and cut his body in two. His remains were saved and brought back to the fleet. They will probably be taken to Japan for public interment.

CHRISTMAS TREES AT THE FRONT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The correspondent of the "Birzheviya Viedomosti" telegraphs from Mukden under date of the 16th inst.:

Great preparations are being made so that the troops may enjoy Christmas. All along the lines, even on the positions, Christmas trees are being procured for the men. A large quantity of special provisions for the festivities has arrived.—Reuter.

TSAR'S CHARGE TO STOESEL.

ROME, Monday.—According to statements made by refugees from Port Arthur who have arrived at Chifu, General Stoessel has received instructions from the Tsar to the effect that when all possibility of further resistance has disappeared he must endeavour to escape from the fortress with his troops, and so avoid falling into the hands of the enemy.—Exchange.

Very light, variable breezes; foggy or misty; raw air, frost in places.) To-Day's Weather (Lighting-up time, 4.51 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth generally.)

SECRET BRIBES.

Russian Emissaries Said To Be Tampering with Hull Fishermen.

A sensational story is published by the "Hull Mail" to the effect that emissaries of the Russian Government have been in Hull tampering with fishermen of the Gamecock fleet.

Their object, it is asserted, was to induce the men to say that the Gamecock fleet assisted the Japanese fleet in concealing the latter's torpedo-boats. The fishermen, it is further stated, were taken to a certain house, where they were given drink and induced, when in an incapable condition, to make statements.

Money was scattered freely, and bribes of £5 given in some instances. A trap was set, however, and evidence obtained for production at the Paris Inquiry.

A report of the resumed proceedings by the Board of Trade Inquiry Committee on the North Sea incident appears on page 5.

BRITISH SHIP SEIZED.

Customs Stop a Ship Suspected of Assisting Far Eastern Fighters.

Since the affair of the *Caroline* the Government authorities have been keeping a sharp eye on Tyne-side shipping, and are on the look-out for any vessels attempting to secure cargoes of coal for either of the belligerents in the Far Eastern war. The *Sandhurst*, after hastily filling up, left the Tyne on Saturday ago on a mysterious mission to the Far East without any action being taken, but now a steamer has been seized by Customs officers. The steamer, which belongs to a Newcastle firm, arrived in the Tyne a fortnight ago, after discharging at Dundee, and paid off.

It was reported that she was going to lay up for a month, but, acting on orders said to have been received from London, Customs officers have boarded her where she lies in the Shields district, and are keeping her under strict surveillance.

NO REFORM FOR RUSSIA.

Tsar Refuses To Conciliate an Empire Ripe for Revolt.

The Tsar has decided to maintain the principle of autocracy unchanged in Russia. Such is the news announced on his "name day" to a nation seething with rebellion and unrest.

This decision was reached at an extraordinary council held at the Tsarsko Selo under the presidency of the Tsar.

On the question of granting a Constitution, the decision of the conference was in the negative, and the suppression of the present Liberal agitations was resolved upon.

Everybody had been talking of freedom of the Press, a Constitution, and the greatly expected advent of better times. Disturbances are likely to break out when the public learn the decision of the Council.

Riots on a large scale have been expected, and the students armed themselves with syringes filled with sulphuric acid, which they meant to squirt into the faces of the police.

The rioting in Moscow on Sunday, quelled by Cossacks, who charged the mob with drawn swords, ended in four lives being lost and sixty persons being wounded.

Students and other revolutionaries are adopting the expedient of organising banquets and balls, at which seditious speeches are delivered.

MYSTERY OF M. SYVETON'S DEATH.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—With the object of getting at the facts in connection with the mysterious death of M. Syveton, Mme. Syveton, her maid, and M. Darnelon were to-day questioned by M. Boucard, the magistrate.

M. Gerard, chief of the Municipal Laboratory, declared that M. Syveton did not die from asphyxiation caused by ordinary gas, as that was a material impossibility.

The Public Prosecutor has therefore ordered a second examination of the viscera of the deceased deputy.

"FRENZIED FINANCE" CAMPAIGN.

NEW YORK, Monday.—The Standard Oil Company to-day formally notified the American News Company and the proprietors of "Everybody's Magazine" of their intention to institute a suit for criminal libel if the January number of the magazine, which is to contain an article entitled "Frenzied Finance; the Crime of Amalgamation," is distributed.

Mr. T. W. Lawson calls upon the public to support him against "The System."—Laffan.

MME. MELBA ILL.

NEW YORK, Monday.—Mme. Melba has been compelled to cancel her tour in America owing to bronchitis.—Reuter.

MASKED ROBBERS.

Bride and Groom Bound and Gagged on Their Wedding Night.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—The European population of Tunis is greatly excited in consequence of a disagreeable accident which has befallen a young couple living in the town.

They were married yesterday, and after the wedding at the Consulate and the Cathedral they were present at a wedding dinner, to which numerous friends and relations were invited.

Dancing followed, and when the festivities were over the newly-married couple proceeded to their home.

While they were in the room a couple of masked men suddenly emerged from beneath the bed, and, profiting by the dismay of the unhappy pair, laid hands on all the wedding presents—jewellery, silver, and other valuables—within reach.

They then gagged and bound the bride and bridegroom, who, when found this morning, says the "Information Agency," were almost suffocated.

BOG OVERWHELMS HOUSES.

Irish Countryside Devastated by Moving Sea of Peat.

Houses have been inundated and people forced to fly for their lives near Castlereagh, Co. Roscommon, by the moving of the great bog of Cloonsiever.

This bog was seen to move slightly last Saturday morning, but yesterday its rate of progress was greatly accelerated, and during the day it travelled over three-quarters of a mile.

The huge mass of semi-liquid peat 10ft. deep, and thousands of yards in width, moved steadily forward, half burying many houses and obliterating the country roads.

The whole aspect of the countryside has been changed. Where before there were houses, fields, and country lanes bordered by stone walls, there is now a great sea of dark brown peat, above which here and there project the tops of the houses.

Gangs of men under the direction of the county surveyor are endeavouring to open up a way along the high road between French Park and Castlereagh, but the work must necessarily be very slow.

The occurrence has caused the greatest excitement and consternation, and must inevitably mean very serious loss and hardship to a poor community.

SURPRISE AT A SALE.

Auctioneer and Customers Disappear Through the Floor Into a Cellar.

A sensational incident occurred at an auction sale at Wolverhampton yesterday.

The supports of the floor gave way, and precipitated auctioneer and buyers into a cellar below. Fortunately there was a fire going on across the way, and the services of the firemen were at once requisitioned to extricate the surprised would-be buyers.

More fortunately still, no one was seriously hurt. In Glasgow a similar experience befell a traction engine. The ground was cut away from under its feet, so to speak, and it found itself in a hole.

It is now being dug out.

POOR PHOEBE'S FRIENDS.

Widespread Anxiety for the Reduction of Her Sentence.

"I should like to sign the petition for the reduction of poor Phoebe Turner's sentence. How can I do so?"

The above is a typical phrase from the many letters we are receiving on the subject of the sentence of seven years' penal servitude passed by Mr. Justice Bigham at the Maidstone Assizes on Phoebe Turner, the wretched girl who deserted her baby in a wood near Sevenoaks.

Our correspondent at Sevenoaks says that the petition that is being prepared will be ready almost immediately for the signatures of those in the Sevenoaks district who knew Phoebe, and deplore what seems to them her unjust fate.

GIANTS IN GREENLAND.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday.—Christian Jensen, captain of the barque *Silicon*, which has just returned from the Arctic Seas, reports at Arsuk, in Greenland, there arrived a party of giants, the shortest of whom was 7ft. in height, and the tallest 9ft.

In appearance like North American Indians, they had been driven to the coast by storms. A giant race has long been traditional among the Eskimos.—Laffan.

Earl Roberts has been appointed Master Gunner of St. James's Park, in succession to the late General Sir Collingwood Dickson.

ROYAL SHOPPING.

Queen Spends a Morning Choosing Christmas Gifts.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Yesterday was a busy day at Buckingham Palace, for the whole morning was devoted by the Queen to the lengthy and difficult task of choosing her Christmas presents.

This task, which Her Majesty generally performs much earlier, was, this year, owing to her numerous engagements in the country, postponed until yesterday.

As early as nine o'clock two rooms in the Queen's private apartments were filled with the different things which had been sent on approval, and they were arranged in groups on tables.

Very varied and delightful was the outlay; for each room looked like some warehouse of beautiful and costly articles taken from a charming fairy tale.

There were gold and silver trinkets, tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and platinum articles; leather knock-knicks of every possible variety; books, china, glass, furs, dress materials, bonbonnières and bon-bons of every description.

THE QUEEN'S SELECTION.

Soon after ten o'clock the Queen, accompanied by Miss Knollys, came into the rooms and began her selection. Miss Knollys, armed with a large note-book, assisted her royal mistress in making up her mind as to what she should choose, and to whom the things should be sent. After these had been carefully put on one side, and the price of each purchase noted down, the remaining things were taken away.

Among the articles the Queen chose were clocks of a new design. These are made without a dial, the time being shown in big letters. Then there were many "Sandringham" purse-bags, which are furnished with a knob at the end of the chain, which is either a powder-box or contains a tiny watch; inkstands with watches set in the lid; and the new Pompeian bronze cigarette cases and match boxes.

Leather goods were of all kinds and shapes, including a number of flat-folding photograph frames with Her Majesty's crown and cypher on the outside.

A PRETTY STORY.

An interesting and pretty little story belongs to the Queen's purchase of Christmas gifts this year. From Hastings she has ordered a number of dainty little suits of dolls' furniture, the work of a young lady named Browning.

Miss Browning, with her mother, who is a confirmed invalid, occupies a little cottage at the seaside town, and earns a little money by making these charming miniature suites. Neither mother nor daughter was aware that her Majesty was even aware of their existence.

But having heard of the daughter's endeavours, from Dowager Lady Tankerville, the Queen promptly showed her sympathy in this practical fashion.

The Queen always pays for her purchases almost immediately after selecting them, and yesterday afternoon and to-day Miss Knollys, the Queen's private secretary, will have a busy task sending out cheques. To-morrow will be devoted by her Majesty to sending off her gifts and writing little notes with those for her special friends.

Yesterday afternoon the Queen was driving in the West End, and visited several shops to make a few extra purchases.

BOAR'S HEAD FROM THE KAISER.

Among royal Christmas gifts to royalty may be mentioned the turkeys and sirloins which Her Majesty invariably sends to Kaiser Wilhelm. The German Emperor invariably reciprocates with a wild boar's head, which forms one of the principal dishes at the Sandringham Christmas dinner.

YESTERDAY'S INVESTITURE.

The last Court function of the year took place at Buckingham Palace yesterday, when the gentlemen whom Birthday Honours were conferred were invested by Her Majesty with the insignia of their Orders.

The ceremony took place in the Throne Room at mid-day, and some sixty gentlemen received the decorations of their various Orders.

KING'S CHRISTMAS DOLES.

The King's Christmas doles, known as the "Minor Bounty" and the "Royal Gate" alms, were, in accordance with ancient usage, distributed on Saturday and yesterday at the Royal Almonry, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, to over one thousand aged, disabled, and other meritorious persons, who had been previously recommended by the clergy of selected parishes throughout the dioceses of England and Wales.

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM'S ILLNESS.

Mr. Justice Grantham is still confined to his bed. He is suffering from prostration, caused by the reaction after the strain undergone in connection with his dispute with the Chislebury Rural District Council.

LADY CLANCARTY

Reported To Be Cured of Malignant Cancer.

DR. DOYEN'S SERUM.

The Countess of Clancarty, once known as Miss Belle Bilton, has just returned from Paris, where she has been under the care of Dr. Doyen, the famous specialist, about whose discovery of the cancer microbe there has been so much controversy.

It is said that her ladyship, who was stated by two eminent London medical men to be a hopeless victim of cancer, has been cured by the serum treatment carried on by Dr. Doyen.

The history of the case is interesting.

Her ladyship left London over nine months ago, and she was then told by two medical attendants that she could not live more than six weeks. She went to Paris and put herself under the care of Dr. Doyen, whose theories have been adopted by nearly all the leading medical men of France. While undergoing the treatment, which consists of a number of inoculations of anti-cancer serum, Lady Clancarty received a visit from M. Metchnikoff, the sub-director of the Pasteur Institute, and one of the world's leading bacteriologists.

Her ladyship underwent several severe operations, but Lord Clancarty now says she is as well as can be expected. Dr. Doyen and his colleagues having pronounced her to be entirely free from cancer.

Lady Clancarty's Career.

Interesting as the story of the cure is, the personality of the fair patient is equally so. It was in 1889 that Miss Belle Bilton, renowned as a beauty and an actress, was secretly married to Lord Dunlop, the match making a great sensation.

From that day Lady Clancarty has never returned to the stage. She and her husband, who are devoted to one another, settled down in Ireland, and have lived a simple country life, dispensing hospitality to their neighbours and taking part in country pursuits.

When she first appeared in the hunting-field after her marriage, Lady Clancarty won all hearts at once, her incomparable beauty and matchless horsemanship appealing to the Irish people.

Lord and Lady Clancarty have two sons and one little daughter, who have been terribly grieved by their mother's illness and enforced absence.

Lord Clancarty has divided his time between the home in Paris where his wife lay ill and his Irish seat at Ballinasloe.

It is expected that Lord and Lady Clancarty will return to Ireland in time to spend Christmas at Garbally Park, Lady Clancarty's seat in Co. Galway, and it is hoped Lady Clancarty will soon be well enough to take her place among the leaders of county society. She has been much missed, especially in local charities and industries, in the furtherance of which she takes unflinching interest.

TRIALS OF A FAT BOY.

Johnny Trundley To Go to School and Sit at an Enormous Desk.

Johnny Trundley, the Peckham fat boy, is in despair.

The London County Council has decreed that on January 9 he must take his place at a specially-built desk and learn his lessons with other children of his own age—which is just six years.

But Johnny does not wish to do this. For a year he has known all the joys of the footlights. He has been petted by adoring audiences from the south of England to the north of Scotland. The desk at which he must sit is a very comfortable one of the portable or folding type. It occupies about five times as much space as that allotted to the ordinary child, and is covered with black American cloth.

"I am thirteen stone now," declared Johnny to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, and I hope I shall get over so much fatter. "I want to get so fat," and Johnny looked round at his mother for approbation, "that I can't get into the room."

In his trouble Johnny has fortunately not lost his appetite. On Sunday for tea he devoured two plates of waffles, seventeen slices of thick bread and butter, and two pieces of cake.

STILL UNKISSED.

Dr. Gladstone Dowie is still unkissed. The report that he married Mdlle. Ruth Hofer, the young Swiss, is incorrect.

Mdlle. Hofer is now at Lake Constance, Geneva, transacting business. After this is completed she will return to Zion City, where she will join the chosen 10,000.

No fewer than seventy languages are spoken at Zion, so Mdlle. Hofer is to be an interpreter.

MISSING ACTOR FOUND.

Mr. Cyril Melton, the general manager of the "Fatal Wedding" company, who mysteriously disappeared from his home on Monday, December 12, has been found at Faversham, Kent, by his son.

Through business worries he had temporarily lost his memory, but is now on his way to recovery.

UNEMPLOYED TRAGEDY.

Offence Committed for Food by a Dying Man.

While everybody, from the King downwards, is concerned about the sufferings of the unemployed, no one can read unmoved the story of a destitute Daventry hawker who deliberately broke a window to obtain food in prison, where the poor fellow died before he had partaken of a meal.

At the inquest at Northampton, yesterday, the Daventry magistrates were severely criticised for committing a dying man to prison. It was stated that, despite the humane protestations of the police superintendent, the magistrates sentenced the dying man to fourteen days, and he had to be taken miles by train and cabs to the gaol, where he succumbed to inflammation of the lungs.

The coroner commented on the magistrates' lack of discretion in not taking the advice of the police superintendent, and the jury expressed surprise at their action.

With reference to the temper of the unemployed in London, Mr. Jack Williams, who preached "revolt" in Trafalgar-square last Sunday, was found at work as a painter by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"I have never known," he said, "so many out of work," especially mechanics. And I have never known a time when there were so many educated men in want of work.

"I could take you to hundreds of homes where the women and children are positively starving. Let the rich people make no mistake—the unemployed question is a very serious one.

"The Government, Parliament, and society have no idea of the suffering that is going on and the growing discontent."

Yesterday morning about 4,000 unemployed men met in the public hall at West Ham and dispersed in blank despair, as well they might, knowing that not a penny remained for them in the relief fund.

"C.-B." IN ALIENDOM.

Great Anticipations Regarding the Liberal Leader's Limehouse Speech To-night.

More than ordinary interest is aroused regarding Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's meeting at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, to-night, coming, as it does, so closely upon Mr. Chamberlain's speech in the same place.

The situation derives poignancy from the fact that Mr. Chamberlain evicted the free traders even more mercilessly than usual, questioning their gentleness.

Sir Henry will find himself in the very heart of aliendom at Limehouse; and East-Enders are asking whether he will justify the action of the advanced wing of the Liberal opposition to the Aliens Bill last session, or promise to support a modified measure next year. A tremendous audience of working men and workless men will await his opinions with feverish interest.

Sir Henry's speech will also be interesting from the fact that it will probably contain a spice of the personal element. Gentle and unarmoured as "C.-B." generally is, he is scarcely likely to let Mr. Chamberlain's retort that he is "not a gentleman" pass without protest.

MONUMENTS AT LAW.

Case To Decide Right of Way to Stonehenge Ancient Curios.

The monuments of Stonehenge will—not literally, of course—come into the High Courts shortly. After a delay of two years the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society will bring their action to decide the question of public right of way to the geological treasures.

It is understood that £2,000 has been guaranteed towards the costs of the case.

The cause of the trouble was Sir E. Antrobus's action three years ago in erecting barbed-wire fences around the ancient stones and charging one shilling admission to the public to view them.

The society claimed that the public held a right of way from time immemorial by several clearly-defined paths, and that the interference with these rights was illegal.

FORGIVING LOVER.

Offers to Marry Sweetheart Who Stabbed Him with a Hatpin.

In spite of the fact that his sweetheart had stabbed him with a hatpin, putting his life in serious danger, Donald McLoughlin, a Birkenhead carpenter, offered to carry out his engagement to marry her this Christmas.

The couple were returning from a theatre when McLoughlin made allegations against his sweetheart, Ellen Kelly, and spoke tenderly of another girl named Dora.

Goaded to jealousy, Kelly plunged a hatpin into his chest.

Mr. McLoughlin had since written to her saying he had gaoled her into striking him, and at Birkenhead Police Court yesterday he offered to marry her as a rang if the magistrates would release her.

The Bench, however, committed the girl to the sessions, bail being allowed.

FOG-BOUND ENGLAND.

Judge Made Late for First Time in His Life.

SINGULAR INCIDENTS.

London's millions groped their way yesterday in a dense, damp fog that was calculated to depress the spirits of the most jaunty Mark Tapley. The fog was at its blackest between the hours of nine and eleven, when the passenger traffic was at its busiest.

Suburban trains from all directions were greatly delayed, and fog-signals were freely used on all the lines. Probably the S.E. and C.R. exploded most of these indispensable aids to drivers. An official estimated that the company had spent in this way £450 in four hours. In hundreds of City offices business was hardly well started till it was time for lunch.

Even the fair reputation of Mr. Justice Wills was blighted by the fog. He was three-quarters of an hour late in taking his seat in the High Courts, and explained to a special jury that it was the first time he had been late in the whole of his judicial experience. By their smiles it could be seen that the jurors acquiesced the judge under the First Offenders' Act.

Court Martial Waits.

The fog, which seems to have been general over the country, played another legal trick elsewhere. At Sheerness a court-martial waited several hours on the battleship *Edinburgh* for the arrival from Chatham of officers to constitute the court.

In London streets the fog occasioned many incidents and some accidents. An electric tramcar in High-street, Croydon, failing to answer the brake, collided with a brewer's van so violently that many bottles of ale were pitched into the street and broken.

Omni-bus horses had to be led in Tottenham Court-road, and long lengths of stationary vehicles waited at intervals for those in front to move on. An impatient cabman mistook a tea-shop for the mews, and just backed his horse in time as it was putting its head inside.

After an eventful forenoon the fog partially cleared and indications of frost came in the evening, the mercury falling to within a degree of freezing-point.

During a fog at Leicester yesterday an electric tramcar dashed into and smashed a trap driven by a Mr. Haywood, who was violently thrown out.

COLISEUM BESIEGED.

Thousands Went Yesterday to Find Opening Postponed Till To-morrow.

Shortly after midnight on Sunday it was decided to postpone the opening of the new Coliseum until to-morrow at twelve o'clock, as the stage was not quite ready.

This announcement was not made public earlier because it was fully believed, up to the eleventh hour, that the arrangements would be completed in time.

From an early hour yesterday morning crowds of people began to collect in St. Martin's-lane, in front of the Coliseum, and when the uniformed doorkeepers arrived at ten o'clock it required four of them to control the entrance to the ticket-office. "You can have your seats transferred to Wednesday, or have your money refunded," was the steady cry of Mr. Stoll's tall men in blue and silver liveries.

The majority of the ticket-holders took the postponement in good part and received seats for to-morrow's show or other dates.

DEFIANT WEE KIRKERS.

Refuse Government Commissioner and Decline to Cease Litigation.

Another development has occurred in the Scotch Church Dispute.

In the Edinburgh Court of Session yesterday counsel for the Free Church party informed Lord Pearson that they declined to assent to the Departmental Commission to be conducted by Sir John Cheyne.

They further said that, while welcoming the Royal Commission, they could not give an undertaking to cease litigation so far as the cases in the court were concerned.

Several cases of applications for interdicts to prevent United Free Church ministers retaining their churches and manse were before the Court, and in two Lord Pearson refused the interdict, while two others were granted.

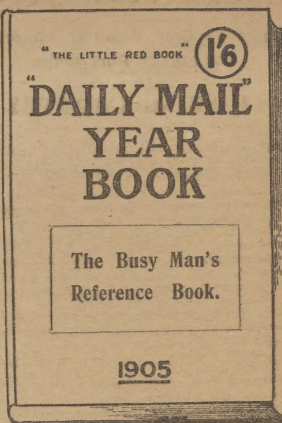
It is stated that the Free Church have extensive litigation in view.

LONDON'S NEW PLAYHOUSE.

Lady Bancroft, with a golden key, yesterday opened the new La Scala Theatre in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square.

After the ceremony Lady Bancroft said she would like to see the La Scala made into a national theatre and Shakespeare played there once a week. The La Scala Theatre is built in the Georgian style, and for its size is, undoubtedly, the handsomest theatre in the world.

NOW ON SALE.



At all Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls.

THE AMERICAN MME. HUMBERT.

How the Child Forger Grew Into an Enchantress.

HER POWER OVER MEN.

In yesterday's "Daily Mirror" we published the first chapter of the life-story of Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick, alias Lydia De Vere, the beautiful American adventuress.

By her amazing beauty and her strange magnetic power she has induced American financiers and bankers to advance her close upon \$1,000,000 upon imaginary securities, which she declared she possessed.

Among other forged documents were three bills, totalling \$150,000, with the signature "Andrew Carnegie."

We told yesterday the story of Mrs. Chadwick's childhood in Canada, and of the strange precocity which led to her arrest at the age of sixteen for forging her brother-in-law's name on a bill for £200.

CHAPTER II.

Lydia De Vere.

"Take her away and look after her better."

The judge who tried Lydie Bigley used almost the same words as those of the famous doctor to whom the child had been taken many years before.

"Watch her carefully," he had said, the wisdom of his experience teaching him of the terrible dangers which lay ahead of Lydie with her beauty and wonderful power of brain.

Now, at the age of sixteen, she was a forger. Her childhood protected her from prison, but the lesson of the criminal court and the trial was not one she wished to learn. It was with the budding woman as with the child of eight. "I will not learn that lesson," she said, and suffered the consequences, great or small, unrepentant.

Her sister, driven by shame to despair, wrote for her mother to go to Woodstock. Mrs. Bigley went, amazed and grieved, and once more took into her charge her pretty, wayward girl.

But Lydia had now thrown restraint to the winds. At her first meeting with her mother she expressed neither sorrow nor repentance. Mrs. Bigley was weeping quietly beneath a heavy veil.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked the girl unconcernedly.

"Oh, Lydie," whispered her mother bitterly, "how could you do it?"

The girl laughed harshly. "Oh, you're going to make a fuss, too," she said. "If they had kept quiet I should have paid back the money later."

The mother looked at her daughter with troubled, startled eyes. "How could you have ever paid it back?" she asked.

"Oh, very easily," replied Lydie contemptuously. "I should have married a man with money."

In the Canadian frame house which Mrs. Bigley took a strange life was lived for the next five years. The mother did her best to curb the fiery temperament of her daughter. But it was useless.

(Continued on page 11.)

OFFICER'S TRAGIC DEATH.

Another Lieutenant of the R.G.A. Commits Suicide.

Within less than a week two young officers of the Royal Garrison Artillery have died tragically in London.

Only last Thursday the body of Lieutenant Murray Thompson, who had committed suicide, was taken from the Serpentine. Yesterday there was a revolver-shot in a waiting-room at Waterloo, and the officials who hastened to the spot found Lieutenant W. R. H. Chapman dying from a self-inflicted wound. Before the doctor, who was at once summoned, had arrived the young officer was dead.

It is only some twelve months since Mr. Chapman, who was the son of a retired naval commander, joined the service, and during that time he had been constantly in ill-health. Quite recently he had a severe attack of appendicitis, and it is thought that the dangerous nature of this malady may have preyed upon his mind.

He was to have returned from London to his quarters at the Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth, on Sunday night, but missed the last train. As he was due on parade yesterday he signified his intention of catching the first down train in the morning.

Some time before 5.30 a.m., the time at which the train was due to leave, Mr. Chapman arrived on the platform. He was dressed in civilian clothing, and had a handbag with him. Accosting a porter he made some remark about the train, and then, as he turned away, muttered, "I am nearly spun out."

A few minutes later the report of a revolver-shot rang out.

DOGGER BANK DAMAGE.

Board of Trade Will Submit Claims for £100,000 to Russia.

It is expected that the Board of Trade will submit a claim for £100,000 damages in respect of the attack on the North Sea trawlers by the Russian Baltic Fleet.

Yesterday, when the Board of Trade resumed its inquiry into the outrage a number of further compensation claims were heard.

Mr. Laverack read one of the claims as an example of them all. The declaration was that of Skipper Henry, of the *Majestic*, who claimed £50 compensation and £10 for being thrown out of work for sixteen days.

Specimen claims of eleven engineers and 412 no-man men were also read.

William Smith, second hand of the *Crane* claims £5,025, and John Ryder, also of the *Crane*, who is now lying in hospital in a critical condition, £2,792. On behalf of the *Mission* ship *Alpha*, Mr. Wilshire said £3,000 for repairs was all that was wanted.

For their modesty the Russian Government would perhaps become annual subscribers to the institution.

INFANT JACK SHEPPARD.

Boy of Eleven Renders Himself Liable to a Term of Penal Servitude.

Jack Romanes, aged eleven years, appeared before the Windsor magistrates, yesterday, in the part of a modern Jack Sheppard.

Romanes waited for a boy named Hawkeswell, who had been to get change for his mother, and after telling him to put the money in his outside pocket and to clench his fists hard, as there were some Italians down the road, knocked him down and robbed him.

The head constable said Romanes had attacked other children with similar results. His father had thrashed him until a neighbour complained to the N.S.P.C.C.

The chairman pointed out that the boy was a highway robber and liable to be sent to penal servitude. He would, however, be let off with six strokes of the birch.

BRITISH AND RUSSIANS FIGHT.

There was a serious melee between the crews of two vessels, British and Russian respectively, at Teignmouth on Saturday night, with the result that James Davis, an English sailor, was stabbed in the back. His supposed assailant was remanded at the police court yesterday.

Soap and Money

Fels-Naptha saves half the costs of family washing; both labour and wear on clothes.

No other soap in the world does half so much.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

IMPENITENT WIVES.

Three Husbands Who Forgave Them in Vain.

CLUE IN A QUESTION.

The last "undefended" day of the sittings, yesterday, provided Sir Francis Jeune, president of the Divorce Court, with a list of ten cases in which offending wives and husbands did not resist the petitions of their partners.

Three of these cases supplied sad proof that a husband who forgives his wife for a lapse from fidelity to her matrimonial vows is not always rewarded for his forbearance.

Mr. Frederick George Jones, a Londoner, forgave his wife twice, on each occasion for fornication with a man named Winder, who was originally a lodger in their house. Mrs. Jones obtained her husband's forgiveness by solemnly promising to have nothing more to do with her lover, but she broke her word for the third time within a few months of the second forgiving.

A Liskeard man, Mr. Charles Leonard Casson, forgave his wife after he had begun divorce proceedings against her. He broke these off, however, and took her back when the co-respondent, a man named Teal, went to America. Then Mr. Casson found that his wife was still carrying on a correspondence with Teal. So divorce proceedings were taken for the second time.

The most forgiving case of the three was that of a "commissioned boatman" in the Navy, named Murrell, who on several occasions returned home from sea to find that his wife had been unfaithful—according to his counsel—and forgave her time after time.

Each of the forgiving husbands obtained a decree nisi.

Wife's Strange Device.

A strange device on the part of a wife to break the news to her husband that she no longer was faithful to him was described in the case "Hawkins v. Hawkins and Griffiths." Mr. Hawkins, a Bristol tailor, had to go to South Africa, being threatened with phthisis. His wife wrote to him, saying, "Are you having a good time? Who is the woman?"

He replied, suspecting something from the tone of the letter, with a similar question, and Mrs. Hawkins wrote back, finally, after some letters had passed:—

Dear Charlie,—I do not mind your divorcing me. Dick and I would be glad. I love Dick with my whole heart, and he returns my love.—Yours,
HARRIET ADA HAWKINS.

The manner in which Mr. William George Fox, a Clacton tobacconist, discovered his wife's faithlessness was much less subtle. Mrs. Fox kept a boarding-house at Clacton, and one day Mr. Fox returned home earlier than usual. He went up into the room of one of the boarders and found his wife under the bed.

"I was sewing on a button," was her explanation.

A case in which a wife, Mrs. Violet Coleman, asked for restitution of conjugal rights from her husband, Mr. John Francis Coleman, is explained in the two following letters:—

Dear Jack,—I have thought well over this. I am willing to go back to you and will do my best to make you happy, and let bygones be bygones.

Dear Vi,—I thank you for your letter. I cannot agree to your proposal, and think that under the circumstances we are better apart.

Sequel to a Secret Marriage.

A secret marriage, as is so often the case, was at the beginning of the sad story of Mrs. Elizabeth Brough, who charged her husband with cruelty and unfaithfulness.

She met him in 1890, when she was spending a holiday in Kent. They fell in love, and were married without delay at a local registry office.

After a time Mr. Brough was seen walking in the evening with another lady, and this led to a separation.

Mrs. Brough got a friend of hers, a young dressmaker, to watch Mr. Brough. The dressmaker discovered that he was living at Stoke Newington with a tall, fair, young lady, who slammed the door in the dressmaker's face.

The latter stuck to her task. She saw Mr. Brough one afternoon leave his office in the City, and she got to Stoke Newington ahead of him by taking a short cut. He arrived at his house accompanied by the tall, fair, young lady.

When Mrs. Brough afterwards, with the dressmaker, paid a visit to the house in Stoke Newington she attacked her fair-haired, tall rival with an umbrella.

Each of these above unhappy stories ended in the decree asked for being granted.

PEW RENTS AND VOTES.

The Rev. E. J. Wolfe, vicar of St. Thomas's, Telford Park, Streatham, whose claim to the county vote in respect of a freehold of the value of 40s. was disallowed by the revising barrister, appealed against this decision yesterday. He had based his claim on the ground that he received pew rents. He was successful, the Court of Appeal reversing the revising barrister's decision. A number of other clergymen are affected by this ruling.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES

One of the most sensational trials since the days of the Maybrick case has just concluded at Marseilles, where Alice Massot and Edouard Hubac have both been found guilty of having conspired to poison the former's husband. Although the trial lasted but a comparatively short time, it has created no little sensation both in this country and on the Continent. The first photograph reproduced on our front page to-day is of Mme. Massot, who has been condemned to penal servitude for life. It is a remarkable fact that this photograph was taken by the unhappy husband himself. While the details of this tragedy have been occupying columns of the newspapers for days past, another French tragedy even more remarkable still has occurred in Paris. Side by side with the photograph of Mme. Massot is published on page 1 of the *Daily Mirror* to-day a portrait of Mme. Gabriel Syveton, wife of the French deputy who was found dead at his home in Paris.

At first it was believed that M. Syveton's death was the result of an accident, but now Mme. Syveton has made some remarkable admissions before the inquiry now proceeding into the death of her husband, when she explained that during a violent scene with him on December 8 he told her that he would commit suicide, and that it was Mme. Syveton herself who placed the newspaper in the air shaft, to strengthen the belief in accidental asphyxiation.

RUSSIAN OUTRAGE INQUIRY.

There is a pathetic interest attaching to the two pictures appearing at the bottom of page 1 of to-day's issue. The first photograph shows John Ryder, the deck hand of the trawler *Crane*, who was badly injured in the thigh in the Russian outrage of the Dogger Bank. This photograph of Ryder was taken at the Hull Infirmary shortly after the incident occurred, when the poor unfortunate fisherman was believed to be making satisfactory progress towards recovery. Now, however, he has contracted typhoid fever, and yesterday was reported to be in a critical condition. Beside this picture we show the beautiful room in which will assemble to-day the Commission, who will consider not only the British case but all that the Russian Government can urge in defence of the Dogger Bank outrage.

OPENING OF THE COLISEUM POSTPONED.

All London has been talking in wonder of the new Coliseum in St. Martin's-lane, and a good representative gathering of London's theatre-going public turned up yesterday morning, as seen by our photograph on page 8, for the opening performance of the new palace of amusement. But they were sadly disappointed, for the management of the Coliseum had been unable to complete this magnificent play house, and the opening has been postponed.

WORKHOUSE BOY'S FORTUNE.

The people of Chelmsford, and, in fact, every one of the readers of the *Daily Mirror*, will be particularly interested in the photograph on page 8 of George Siegfried Lovell, the workhouse boy who is said to be heir to £3,000. The Chelmsford Guardians are investigating this ten-year-old boy's remarkable case, who is as yet penniless and an inmate of Chelmsford Workhouse.

HERALDS OF CHRISTMAS.

There is a picturesque reminder of the near approach of Christmas in the three photographs published on page 9 of to-day's *Daily Mirror*. The first photograph shows the scenic artists at work at Drury Lane Theatre, preparing for this year's pantomime.

The second photograph on the right-hand side of page 9 to-day shows some little German children busy at work making toys for the amusement of England's little ones this Yuletide. The third photograph of the series is a typical one of the scene at Leadenhall Market, showing the great quantities of poultry that are arriving daily for the Londoners' Christmas dinner.

THE HORRORS OF WARFARE.

On the centre of our double page of illustrations to-day are reproduced two excellent photographs from the Far East, which afford a graphic idea of the horrors of warfare. The first photograph shows the burial of two Russian heroes, who had risked their lives in the service of their country at Port Arthur when on a scouting expedition near the Japanese lines, and were killed. The second picture shows a number of Japanese carrying their wounded comrades back to the field hospital after a desperate attack on the Russian forts around Port Arthur.

A MILLION FARTHING'S FUND.

On page 9 will be seen a photograph of Miss Florence Leech, who has undertaken the gigantic task of collecting a million farthings on behalf of St. Cuthbert's, Millwall. Miss Leech has already collected nearly seventeen thousand farthings, and is receiving the support of a number of little children interested in the East End.

PHILOSOPHY OF HORSES.

Real Life Tony Weller Careful for His Animals' Morals.

Mr. Weller, senior, could not have treated more philosophically the subject of young horses' morals than did an omnibus driver at Southwark County Court yesterday.

He was witness in a running-down case, and mentioned incidentally that at night old horses were always taken out.

Judge Addison: Why? Because you don't like young horses to be out late at night, for fear of corrupting their morals?

The Driver: Yes, sir.

Counsel: Southwark late at night is a bad place for young horses' morals?

The Driver: Well, the old 'uns can keep their feet better at night, when the roads are generally bad, than the young 'uns—just like us, sir.

Judge Addison: I dare say you are right.

The speed at which the omnibus was travelling was described by another witness as "the usual going-home pace."

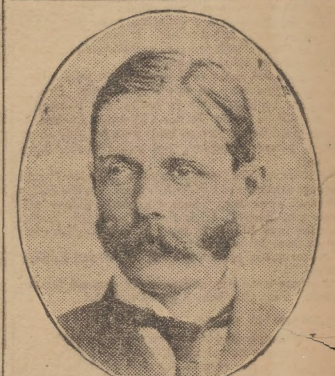
THOUGHT-READER DUPED.

How Two Small Boys Play a Trick on Mr. Alfred Capper.

Among a number of Windsor residents who have been defrauded by two ingenious small boys is Mr. Alfred Capper, the thought-reader.

Equipped with a collecting-book the lads went round seeking contributions to a Christmas Box fund for Post Office telegraph boys. By the time they came to Mr. Capper's house a number of well-known names had been placed on their list.

Whatever was passing through their minds at



Lord Tolemache, who died suddenly last Saturday while staying at Tunbridge Wells, was the second baron. He belonged to a younger branch of the Earl of Dysart's family, who trace their descent back to 1611. One peculiarity of the family is their fondness for Saxon Christian names.—(Russell.)

the time it did not present itself to Mr. Capper as an intimation that they were not genuine telegraph boys.

"How much did I give you last year?" he asked. "Two shillings," one of the boys answered, with the utmost composure. So Mr. Capper gave them five shillings.

Now their deceit has been discovered by the police, and yesterday they were lectured by the local Bench. To save them from becoming gaoled the magistrates were merciful, and ordered the lads' parents to pay fines of ten shillings.

MR. PLOWDEN'S HOPE.

"I sentence you to six months' hard labour, and I hope it will be very hard," said Mr. Plowden to Marylebone to a prisoner who had committed a very brutal assault upon his wife.

Keep the Blood Pure

And the Health of the System will follow.

THE BLOOD being the source from which our systems are built up, it is important that it should be kept pure. If you suffer from any Skin or Blood Disease, such as ECZEMA, SCROFULA, SCURVY, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BOILS, SYPHILIS, etc., you should test the value of

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

The World-Famed Blood Purifier.
Of all Chemists. Beware of Imitations.

YULE-TIDE CHEER.

Great Christmas Preparations at the London Markets.

ENGLISH BIRDS DEAR.

Prodigious is the only apt word to express the preparations that are being made by the wholesale meat and poultry centres in London to cope with the Christmas trade.

The first day of the big week at Smithfield Market is known as "Scotch beef day," and there is always an immense supply.

Yesterday the Highlanders surpassed themselves, though the official figures are not out yet, at 700 tons of prime Scotch beef must have been the market gates on the way to the wholesalers, from whom it will pass to the retail trade.

Up till nine o'clock in the morning (business starts at the small hour of four o'clock in the market) nearly 2,000 tons of meat and poultry had come in, and another 900 tons were expected.

Before the business day was out at midnight the figures mounted up till the previous best in the week when Christmas came on a Sunday was beaten, and the 2,800 tons, the record for the week, that passed into the market on Monday, December 19, 1898, was exceeded.

Pick of Turkeys.

The pick of the English turkeys in Smithfield Market, for size and condition, is a Norfolk bird, weighing 34½ lb. It is one of a line of a dozen others, all from the same English breeder, and each one turns the scale over 33 lb.

Deer are scarce. There is hardly enough venison in the markets to provide the chief dish in German boarding-houses in the metropolis. All the markets are suffering from the effects of the muggy, hot weather. It makes the meat and poultry difficult to keep, and particularly takes the freshness off the turkeys.

Some 2,000 cases of foreign birds were going begging yesterday on this account only. But as the new supplies come in to-day and to-morrow there will be plenty for our Christmas dinners. As to prices the foreign birds were fetching about 7d. a pound yesterday, and will probably keep cheap.

"If the weather continues warm and close," said a large salesman of Leadenhall Market to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "your Christmas dinner will cost you more. Irish turkeys will run in the market from 30d. to 3s. 3d. a lb, and English cock birds from 1s. to 6d. a lb."

"Normandy geese will be about 6d. and English about 7d."

"There is no diminution in the demand for the birds. Year after year it grows steadily."

Shortage in Game.

"The supply of game threatens to be short." "Hares are not plentiful, but it is better for a purchaser to pay even 6s. for an English hare than 8s. for an Australian specimen from Sydney—they eat like wood."

"But people generally go in for as good as they can afford. The ordinary price for the rich man's Christmas dinner of young swan is two guineas, but I once had ten guineas for a fine pair of black cygnets I got from Hendon for a customer."

Into Covent Garden the fruit pours in immense quantities, and is all at low prices and in good condition. Nuts and grapes are exceptionally cheap.

Welcome news for decorators is that the mistletoe and holly is in profusion and full of fine berries.

Holiday Exodus.

Nearly 1,000,000 tickets were sold at the London termini last Christmas, and there is every indication that the number will be exceeded this year.

People like to get away for the holiday if they can. Christmas in the country is more like the day as the imagination, fed by tradition and books for children, pictures it. It takes a great deal of snow and frost to make London look Christmasy.

Then there are thousands of people in London who are exiled from country homes all the year round, and only get this one chance of visiting the old folks, who, in their turn, would rather the family gathering were at this season than any other.

All these factors and many others tend to take Londoners out of town.

Christmas Abroad.

Again, the rich or, nowadays, only the moderately rich have developed a habit of spending Christmas on the Continent. Others of the same class, either for preference or to give their servants a holiday, go to hotels at the seaside, the South Coast, or Cornwall, and some even in town, where the managers do their utmost to give them the best of everything. Two or three small families by clubbing together can spend an exceedingly jolly Christmas with half the trouble and no house-keeping in this fashion.

The railways are all making special provision for the Yuletide rush.

A novelty has been introduced by the Great Northern and Great Central, who are running midnight expresses to the north of England on Christmas Eve from King's Cross at ordinary fares, quite distinct from the excursions.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

For sending offensive postcards a Nottingham youth has been fined 4s.

Colonel Sanderson, M.P., continues to progress as favourably as can be expected.

As a counter attraction to the public-houses, the Stepney and Whitechapel public libraries will open on Boxing Day.

The body of the late Mr. Edmund Leamy, M.P., reached Liverpool yesterday from Bordeaux on the steamer Navarre, and was removed to Ireland on a Waterford steamer.

SOME DAY JUMBO.

Mr. Cross, the well-known Liverpool naturalist, has just received by the steamer Achilles the smallest elephant (a baby male) ever seen away from its mother.

Weighing a little over 2cwt., it is half an inch short of a yard in height.

AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH.

The excellent photograph of Mr. Evan Roberts, the Welsh evangelist, and Miss Rees, which appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, was omitted to mention was printed by kind permission of the "Daily Chronicle."

RATEPAYING POOR CLAIMS.

Nantwich Guardians have remembered the poor among the ratepayers in refusing an appeal for extra relief at Christmas.

They have pointed out that the provision of extras for those in receipt of relief causes an additional burden to the many poor people who continue to support themselves and pay rates as well.

"FATHER OF THE NAVY."

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney is reported to be dying.

He is ninety years of age, and fought at the battle of Navarino, being the last survivor of that engagement. For months past he has been in ill-health, and is now lying at his son's residence at Portsmouth.

ABOUT THE LEMON.

The lemon, which is on sale everywhere, has been utilised in compounding the Christmas wassail-bowl for quite four centuries.

It was Queen Elizabeth's famous naval commanders who first discovered the virtue of lemon-juice as a preventive of scurvy among seamen, and as having a mellowing influence on fiery spirits.

RAINIST SPOT IN BRITAIN.

The death of the owner of the estate of Ardgarth, in Glen Croe, Loch Long, recalls the fact that Glen Croe is the rainiest place in Great Britain.

Mr. MacGregor was a descendant of the famous Rob Roy, and the glen in which the estate is situated was a fitting place of residence for a descendant of the noted reiver, having been the scene of many a smuggling enterprise in days gone by.

AUCTION AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

At Woolwich Arsenal to-day there will be a public auction of unserviceable and obsolete stores, by order of the Secretary of State for War.

The catalogue contains an interesting assortment of such things as 6,000cwt. of shot, 400 tons broken shell, targets, artillery ammuns., telephones, telegraph poles, nearly 2,000cwt. old brass, binoculars, telescopes, surgical instruments, billiard balls, 1,000 school slates, oskum, etc.

JUST FAILED TO REACH 100.

Mrs. Alicia Willan has died at Penzance within a fortnight of completing her 100th year.

She was the widow of Laurence Willan, M.D., and was one of the younger daughters of Joseph Peel, of Bowes Park, who was one of the seven sons of Robert Peel, of Peckford.

Another son of Robert Peel was member for Tamworth for twenty-eight years, and was created baronet in 1800, and the second baronet was Sir Robert Peel, the great statesman.

PREHISTORIC STONE WORKSHOP.

At Culmore, in the south of Scotland, a ploughman, surprised at the number of worked flints his share was turning up, communicated with the local antiquarians who, making the necessary excavations, unearthed an entire workshop of stone weapons.

There are altogether 1,000 of these flint weapons, all beautifully chipped into leaf-shaped arrow-heads or hammers, and still older weapons were discovered with these which had presumably been brought to the tool-shop for repairs.

NEARLY SIXTY YEARS' SERVICE.

Mr. George Abbot, who retired recently from the position of stationmaster of the Charing Cross terminus, after having served the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company for a period of fifty-eight years, was yesterday presented with an illuminated address and a substantial cheque in recognition of his services and the efforts he had always made to secure the comfort of the public.

The presentation was made by Mr. Fitch Kemp on behalf of the subscribers, and among those present were Sir Francis Evans, Bart., M.P.; Alderman and Sheriff Sir John Knell, Bart.; Alderman Sir George Wyatt Truscott, and Mr. S. A. Faudell Phillips.

Smallpox is spreading along the Tyneside towns. There are cases at Newcastle, Jarrow, and Hebburn.

O'Donovan Rossa has left Queenstown for New York on the Campanian, and says he will never visit Ireland again.

MINT COINS 1,000,000 A DAY.

This time of the year is always a scene of great activity at the Royal Mint, but this year the staff are working at exceptionally high pressure.

It is stated that the output of coins now reaches a million a day, mostly of silver and copper. For the former the Colonies have placed large orders.

WINDSOR CASTLE AGAIN OPEN.

The state apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after to-day, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., until further notice on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays in each week. They will also be open on Boxing Day.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays a charge of 1s. for adults and 6d. for children will be made.

GUILD FOR GIRL WORKERS.

Lady Tweeddale has instituted a "Working Guild for Girls" in Stepney.

The idea underlying the organisation is the provision of work, as opposed to the giving of charity, to respectable girls of the poor.

The movement is meeting with a good deal of success.

CONSIDERING THE FISH.

Mr. John Fell, the chairman of the Kent, Bela, Winstar, Leven, and Duddon Fishery Conservators, has expressed himself as greatly concerned at a proposal to have motor-boat races on Windermere Lake.

He advises anglers to carefully watch what effect it has upon the fish.

VESTRYMAN'S MONUMENT.

In the middle of the last century Mr. John Innes, a member of the Camberwell Vestry, presented the parish with twenty trees for the green which was then laid out on its present lines.

The borough council have now given a representative of the family permission to have a tablet attached to one of the trees, with the inscription "John Innes's Oak."

MOUTH-ORGAN WAITS.

The objectionable innovation of waits equipped solely with mouth-organs is in evidence.

The men are reported to be proficient in playing much higher-grade musical instruments, but their corsets, claretoms, trombones, etc., are in pawn, and the musicians have not been able to raise the money to redeem them for Yuletide professional work. Hence the much-to-be-dreaded substitutes.

MOTORS HELP SURREY RATES.

By the registration of 826 motor-cars and granting licences for 2,483 drivers, the county of Surrey has, during the past twelve months, received £11,739.

To what extent the funds of the county benefited by fines inflicted on those of the 2,483 drivers who were as unfortunate as to blunder into police traps is not stated, but the total would show that automobilism pays its way in Surrey.

CITY'S GRANT FOR HEALTH.

In many directions, especially in securing hygienic surroundings in barbers' shops, the City Corporation has shown itself fully alive to the importance of insisting on an improvement in the hygiene of towns.

The National Health Committee has now received a grant from the Corporation to aid in diffusing a knowledge of the laws of health.

TO TRY TO FLY AGAIN.

During last week Dr. Barton and his assistants have been busily engaged in the reconstruction of the famous airship at the Alexandra Palace.

The vessel is being refitted with entirely new mechanical parts, but it is stated that no attempt will be made to launch it before the 31st.

The old floats have been broken into fragments in order that the mechanism of the ship may be kept a secret.

FEWER PRIVATE BILLS.

Saturday was the latest date under the Standing Orders for the deposit at the Parliamentary Offices of private Bills to be promoted in the ensuing Session.

The total number lodged was 182, as compared with 192 last Session and 217 in 1903.

The applications for 1905 may be sub-divided as follows: Railways 42, tramways 18, gas and water 31, electricity 13, harbours, canals, etc., 17, town improvements 47, and miscellaneous 14.

MOUSE'S NEST IN HORSE'S SADDLE.

While a Moffat carter was unyoking his horse he noticed a mouse dart along the horse's back and disappear under the saddle.

A close examination revealed a small aperture in the lining, which was found to be the entrance to a mouse's nest, containing the head of the family and five little ones.

The saddle had been in daily use, and it is a matter for surprise that the tiny creatures escaped mishap in their daily journeyings.

REVIVAL PERILS.

Spiritual Excitement Endangers Lives in South Wales.

Curious manifestations of spiritual excitement continue to occur at the revival meetings in South Wales.

A man was so overcome in a crowded chapel that he nearly died from exhaustion, and had to be carried into the open air, laid out in the street, and dosed with brandy, which restored him, with difficulty.

At another place a hard-featured collier rose in the front seat of the low gallery and began to pray, gradually working himself into a state of the wildest exaltation.

In spite of warning shouts he bent himself further over, and his body, arms, and head swayed from side to side till his feet rose in the air. Quickly four men grabbed him and, after a hard struggle, dragged the collier back to his seat.

The congregation heaved a sigh of relief and sang a hymn of praise.

General Booth has returned to London, having spent some days in the revival area.

The veteran campaigner was well impressed by the results of Evan Roberts's work, and considered that the good being done would endure after the present excitement has subsided, which it showed no signs of doing for some considerable time.

The General's departure had mainly to do with his preparations for a visit to Australia he intends making early in the new year.

CRIME AND THE ALIEN.

Starting Figures Show the Bad Repute of the Foreigner.

It has often been urged that the free entry of the alien is a menace to peace and order and property in this country.

On this point the criminal records of the past four years are unmistakable. The following are the official figures:

Offences against the person (murder, manslaughter, cruelty, assault, bigamy, procuration).....	1,731
Offences against property (robbery, blackmailing, fraud, larceny, receiving, arson, cattle-maiming, Forgery and coinage).....	3,189
Other offences (riot, bribery, perjury, libel, indecency).....	8,132
Total.....	13,114

Again the statistics of the number of grown-up prisoners in England and Wales exhibit the aliens in a bad light.

In England and Wales 797 persons out of 100,000 are prisoners.

Of grown-up aliens in this country, 1,711 out of every 100,000 are prisoners.

And it is to afford domiciles for this class of stranger that the natives of the East End are slowly being ousted from their homes.

THE CITY.

Xmas Slackness—Members in Better Spirits Than Last Year—Rails Idle and Consols Dull.

CASEL COURT, Monday Evening.—To-day the stock markets seemed to be under Christmas influences. The tone was not bad, but still there was a certain decline in quotations, and certainly the attendance was scanty.

This latter was, no doubt, due to the absence of members attending to such little details as the purchase of Christmas presents. Certainly members have a good deal more money this year than was the case a year ago, and everybody will at least get his Christmas dinner.

We have had three months of quite reasonable activity and investment business, and one or two markets have been profitable ones for a year or more. We could have said all this a year ago. The Stock Exchange is to be closed on Saturday next, as usual, before Christmas Day. Many people look for good markets towards the end of the week, owing to the money conditions, which are likely to be favourable. Consols have been somewhat dull, and at 88½ show a loss of ½.

This may be attributed to the Bank of England taking steps to arrest the decline in the value of money in banking circles, for a Christmas glut of money, it is feared, may cause gold withdrawals for the Continent. Hardly has money been cheaper at the end of the year than at the present time. But the markets did not seem to understand what was the explanation.

Today was the carry-over day in the new Water stock, and the rate was only 21 per cent., there being a good many "leaves" about. Certainly the Water purchase payments will be made later in the week, and this will tend to make money cheaper and assist the stock markets, for it is money available for reinvestment.

Everything was very life in the Home Railway market, Americans Close Firm.

The talk about an international arrangement between steel manufacturers had little weight with the American market, for it was plain that American interests were not included. Then there was some fear that Mr. Lawson might attack Steel Trusts in his American market. San

market showed weakness, though after Wall-street opened in the afternoon it was pulled together, and the close was firm.

The Canadian Pacific traffic increase of \$102,000 was liked, but had little effect upon the price. Grand Trunk continue rather dull. Argentine Rails were perhaps inclined to improve, with Cordoba Central Incomes and Entre Rios Ordinary the features, and there was certainly a better tendency in the Mexican market. San

Stables were good at 180, and the Cuban section was again very firm, for reasons noted last week. Traffic announcements were good. Intercontinental \$9,120 increase; Mexican Southern, \$1,502 up, Nitrate Railways, \$2,899 up.

In the Kaffir market most interest centred in the special settlement in Banket shares. There had been a lot of talk lately about a big "bear" account. It turned out to be a big "bull" account, with none too much case in carrying-over, and a rate of 7½ per cent. The price fell back to ¾.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1904.

WILL THERE BE A RUSSIAN REVOLUTION?

THE principal newspaper of Russia's next-door-neighbour, Sweden, has been drawing a gloomy forecast of the near future of the Tsar's country. Russia, says this candid friend, is in just the same state as France was before the Revolution broke out.

At the head of the State in France at that period there was an amiably weak monarch, in name an autocrat, in reality a weathercock. Louis the Sixteenth was just as anxious to benefit humanity as is Nicholas the Second. Nicholas is just as powerless to carry out his good intentions as Louis was.

The men who carried on the Government of France then were of the same type as the men who are at the head of affairs in Russia now. Their only idea of keeping the engine from blowing up is to sit upon the safety-valve!

At the bottom of the Russian social ladder is a vast, incoherent, ignorant mass of peasants, bound to the soil and to their masters by chains which are scarcely less effective than those of the serfdom which has been technically abolished.

It is generally assumed that the peasantry is loyal both to the monarch and to the landowners. So it was assumed in France until the Revolution actually began. Then its apathy disappeared; a wild frenzy of vengeance succeeded it.

Between the governing, land-owning class and the peasants there is in Russia, as there was in France, an educated, progressive minority gaining every day in numbers and eager to strike a blow for their ideals. No doubt these ideals seem to many people to be visionary. So did those of Rousseau.

Yet Rousseau's notions about the equality of man were the lighted match which was applied to the tremendous escape of gas that made France a Republic. Russia has its Rousseau in Count Tolstoy. When the moment comes it will find its Mirabeau, its Danton, and its Robespierre as well.

Is that moment yet in sight? you ask. No man can say. The signs are ominous. Storm-signals are flying. Yet the French Revolution was a long time brewing. Perhaps our Swedish prophet is prophesying ahead of his time.

THE AMATEUR AS RAILWAY MANAGER.

The election of Sir Edward Grey, M.P., to be chairman of the North-Eastern Railway has raised the question whether he will in future devote himself less to politics. If he did it would be regrettable from the House of Commons point of view, for he is a useful M.P. and Minister. But it would be very much better for the North-Eastern Railway.

Why are most of our railways so much worse managed than the railways on the Continent and in America? Simply because we prefer amateur to professional managers. In the United States the president of a railroad is an expert in railroad management. He knows all its details. He has devoted his life to the subject.

If men of the stamp of Sir Edward Grey were to turn their whole attention to such work, they could do it as well as anybody in the world. But they cannot do it even passably well so long as they do it in an amateur way. Managing a railway is a business that requires the whole time of the best man who can be got to do it.

Some people will answer this by saying that the chairmen of railway companies are not the real managers. If that is so, they are not wanted at all. Divided responsibility is always a bad thing. If railway shareholders would look into this matter railway passengers would have fewer complaints to make.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Those who belong to nations where there are no restrictions upon the expression of affection will hardly believe it possible that any married woman could ever lead a happy life and never receive a kiss from her husband; yet a very large number of Scottish wives in the past had that experience. *William Sanderson*, in "Scottish Life and Character" (Black).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-NIGHT Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will take up the gauntlet, to put the matter in the ancient phrase, which Mr. Chamberlain threw down for him last Thursday at the Edinburgh Castle. "C.-B.", who was once a quiet and rather lazy politician, with a taste for French cooking, has now become quite an energetic fighter. When he took up the leadership of the Liberal Party, Mr. "Punch" represented him as being thus addressed by Sir William Harcourt, who wore the features of a retiring butler: "Well, 'Enery Bannerman, I wish you joy of the old place. She used to be a Liberal old party, but now she's that contrary there's no living with her."

For months "C.-B." has found "her" growing more and more "contrary" still. He has suffered a good deal in health from the strain of his position. He has given up being a constant giver of excellent dinners with rare wines, but he is still an amusing companion and keeps good-natured, if a little cynical, in spite of all. "I suppose," he once said,

"that the public think we politicians are longing for power, whereas we'd all be too glad if somebody would come and do the beastly work for us." That languid pronouncement is characteristic of his view of politics as rather a dull game.

Brocket Hall, the seat of Lord and Lady Mount-Stephen, where the Prince and Princess of Wales are staying this week, was once the favourite home of Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister, who died there in 1849. Many interesting associations of him and his times cling about the large, simple, well-arranged house, with its fine trees and grounds. It was Lord Melbourne whose name was associated in a romantic way with that of the fair and witty Mrs. Norton, one of Sheridan's granddaughters, who gave Mr. Meredith a suggestion for his "Diana of the Crossways." He was the only Prime Minister of England who was ever made co-respondent in a divorce suit.

Mrs. Norton married a brother of Lord Granley, a more than unsympathetic, a positively distasteful person to her, when she was young and inexperienced. She left her husband after a few years, and became a close friend of Lord Melbourne. After a time her husband brought an action for divorce against her, founding absurd charges on this friendship and claiming huge damages. Mrs. Norton, however, was triumphantly vindicated, and wrote a petition to the Queen about the then unjust conditions of divorce. Her friendship with Melbourne might be described as romantically platonic. They admired each other's wit and culture immensely, but were always discreet.

Since the pantomimes have degenerated into music-hall shows, it is left to the theatres to provide real children's entertainments. At the Garrick tomorrow afternoon will begin a new series of those Christmas performances which have so often delighted small playgoers before. Mr. Tom Gallon, author of one of the pieces, is a writer known to the public by his writings alone. He has not for years been strong enough to go much into the world. When he was only twenty-seven he had a severe illness, which has ever since compelled him to dictate his work lying on his back, and to live in comparative quiet.

His unfamiliar aspect led him once into an amusing little adventure. He is very fond of telling the story of how he was once accosted in an omnibus by a man who was reading a magazine. "There's a story here by Tom Gallon," said the man. "Do you know his work?" "Yes," said Mr. Gallon, "I know it pretty well." "Then," said the man, drawing himself up, "it may interest you to know that I am Tom Gallon." The real man simply winked. It discovered the impostor much more than an exposure would have done.

Nobody knows more about sun-scorched West Africa and its strange-coloured races than Sir Frederick Lugard, whose annual remarks about Nigeria have just appeared. His experience of the dark continent began when he was very poor. He once sailed in the deck cargo of a timber-ship bound for Massowah, and made friends with an Italian, who, seeing that the young man's travelling outfit was not abundant, said, in a moment of affectionate sympathy, "You want shirt. Here is my other shirt; I give it to you for your good heart!" General Lugard is said to preserve the under-garment still as a memorial.

Lady Lugard had had almost as varied an experience of distant parts as her husband. As Miss Flora Shaw, the clever manager of the Colonial Department of the "Times," she has ridden through the wildest parts of Australia, has tramped to frozen Klondike, and driven a bullock-cart in obscure corners of Africa. Yet she by no means gives one the impression of an unwomanly woman who has "done things." She is slender and wiry-looking, with resolution plainly written in the mouth and eyes. As to her manner, everyone who heard her give evidence before the Jameson Raid Committee admits that it was charming, and yet she was the only witness who evaded Labouchere's searching questions.

Mr. Edwin Abbey, R.A., the artist who is responsible for the tablet which was unveiled by the Lady Mayores in the Royal Exchange yesterday, is one of our most typically British artists, in spite of the fact that he is an American by birth. His art has to the full that robust quality which is so essentially British. Still, he has been in England for over twenty years now, and is completely Anglicised. In summer he plays cricket and spends hours a day batting at the nets on his private cricket ground to the bowling of his household. At other times of the year he cycles, walks, and hunts.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 20.—A poet says, "The present is enough for common souls, who, never looking forward, are indeed mere clay."

The dead winter months should be times of preparation. The enthusiastic gardener will always find something to do, even when outdoor work is impossible.

Stakes and labels can be got ready, sticks cut for next year's sweet peas. Do not forget to clean and oil the mowing machine before putting it away. Climbers must be tied up at once.

Any desired alteration can now be made in the garden, new beds formed; but digging should be attempted in wet or frosty weather. E. F. T.

READY TO WELCOME THEIR FRIEND "C.-B." TO-NIGHT.



This evening Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman goes down to the East End. The aliens are in high glee, and fix their hopes upon a speech in their defence from the leader of those who defeated the Aliens Bill last year.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A Railway Station Study.

VICTORIA STATION is seldom inspiring. On a December afternoon it is dungeon-like. The trains toil to and fro in dreary apathy, and in the murky atmosphere the fairest face seems lined with care and furrowed with grief.

Yet the constantly growing crowd of people who wait on an arrival platform for a Portsmouth train have on their faces an expression of nervous expectancy and happy elation which even these sombre surroundings have no power to dissipate. Only the arrival of the train could do that.

It is an unusual gathering—children, old gentlemen, pretty girls, fathers and mothers, well-dressed and dignified. You know they are fathers and mothers by a look in their eyes, and the porters know it, too, and answer questions with a patience that obviously has a tip in view. For whom are they all waiting?

A hollow rumble. An approaching hum. "It's coming now." Then the train, with a leisurely smoothness, swings up the platform and the doors of the carriages fly open. Now the secret's out—so are the boys—small boys in trousers, gold badges on their midshipman's caps, eyes shining and cheeks flushed with excitement—the naval cadets from Osborne House, home for the Christmas holidays.

There is a legend that boys do not like either kissing or being kissed. The exception to the rule is on the first days of the Christmas holidays.

IN MR. FLOWDEN'S COURT.

Mr. Flowden (entering Maylebone Police Court): Why does a miller wear a white hat? (Roars of laughter from the court officials and policemen, four of whom roll upon the floor in hysterics. Mr. Flowden shrieks with mirth for five minutes.)

Prisoner: Your Worship, I am a motorist charged with driving without a rear light. I have a cracked lip, and therefore cannot laugh, if it please your Worship.

Mr. Flowden (angrily): Seventy-five years' hard labour.—"Motoring Illustrated."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

General Sir William Nicholson.

HE is said to be the cleverest man in the Army. That is why he is not at the War Office.

He was there until the beginning of this year, and then they sent him out to the Japanese war. Now they have put him in command at Gibraltar to succeed Sir George White.

He is really much too clever to be kept at headquarters.

The only thing against him, except his brains, is that he does not go out of his way to make himself popular. He just does his work, and does it well.

Born in 1845, he entered the Engineers twenty years later, and fought in the Afghan war, marched to Candahar, fought in Egypt, Burma, and the Tirah Expedition. Then he was Adjutant-General in India, and was practically Commander-in-Chief, owing to the illness of his superior, Sir William Lockhart. For his work in South Africa he was made a Major-General.

Tall, erect, and well-proportioned, he is a fine-looking man, and his manner, when he chooses, is irresistible—but he does not always choose.

It is as an organiser that he is best known. With him his work is everything. He works incessantly and tirelessly. Sport has little attraction for him. When in India he was practically invisible for social purposes, though he can be a sociable person when his work allows.

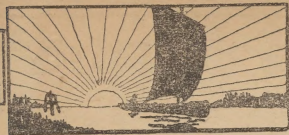
He has a wonderful power, too, of getting information out of people. There is no use trying to resist him when he wants to "draw" you. You may know he is doing it, but you cannot resist. Besides, he never talks himself. He keeps his opinions to himself.

If he has no time for society and sport, Lady Nicholson makes up for his deficiencies. She is a splendid hostess and a noted sportswoman, and earned fame in India with both gun and rifle.

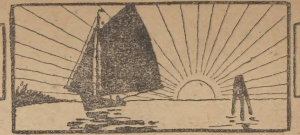
INNOCENCE.

Mistress: If such a thing occurs again, Marie, I shall have to get another servant.

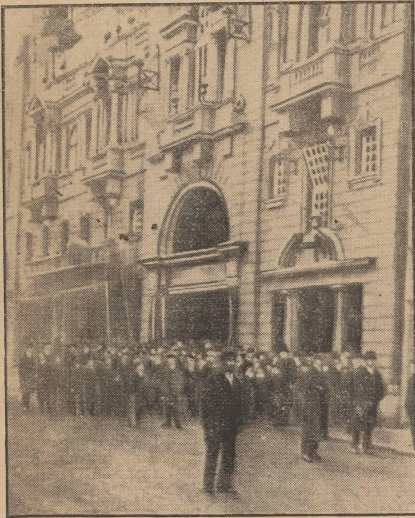
Marie: I wish you would, madam; there's quite enough work for two of us.—"Chicago News."



'MIRROR' CAMERAGRAPHS



CROWD OUTSIDE THE COLISEUM.



Crowd waiting for the Coliseum to open yesterday. They did not know the opening was postponed until to-morrow.

ENGLISH MUSCOVITE.



Captain A. S. Stephen, whose father, a British colonel, fought against the Russians in the Crimea, is now in Port Arthur fighting for General Stoessel.

HORRORS OF WARFARE: RUSSIAN DEAD AND J



A pitifully pathetic war scene near Port Arthur: The burial of two Russian soldiers. The wife of one of the dead men is seen standing by the Japanese lines.

COMPOSED "LADY MADCAP."



Mr. Paul Rubens, the brilliant young composer, who is responsible for the music of Mr. George Edwardes's latest success, "Lady Madcap."—(Bassano.)

SIR ERASMUS OMMANNEY,



Who is now lying seriously ill at Portsmouth, is one of the oldest and finest sailors who have served under the British flag.—(Maull and Fox.)

PARIS MOTOR-BOAT RACE.



The Hotchkiss craft, which won the motor-boat race on the Seine, on Sunday, from Pont Alexander III. to Suresnes and back.

WORKHOUSE HEIR.

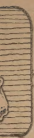


George S. Lovell, the ten-year-old boy who is in Chelmsford Workhouse, although stated to be heir to a fortune of £8,000. The boy was born in Wynberg, South Africa, where his father kept a large hotel.

JAPANESE WOUNDED BEFORE



Japanese soldiers conveying their wounded comrades from the field of action to Port Arthur. It was estimated that in this engagement alone the



CAMERA TELLS TO-DAY'S STORY.

OUNDED AT PORT ARTHUR.



and lost their lives while scouting near the centre of the photograph.

ARTHUR.



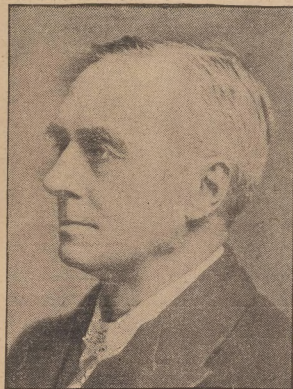
ter a fierce attack on the hills surrounding any thousands killed and wounded,

TO-DAY'S BRIDE.



Miss Marjorie Pinder, daughter of Mr. W. G. Pinder, of British Columbia, who is to be married to Mr. Pais James Hatton at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Bassano.)

VICAR DIES IN CHURCH.



The Rev. Walter Abbott, vicar of Paddington, who died while conducting the service at his church.—(Russell.)

1,000,000 FARTHING.

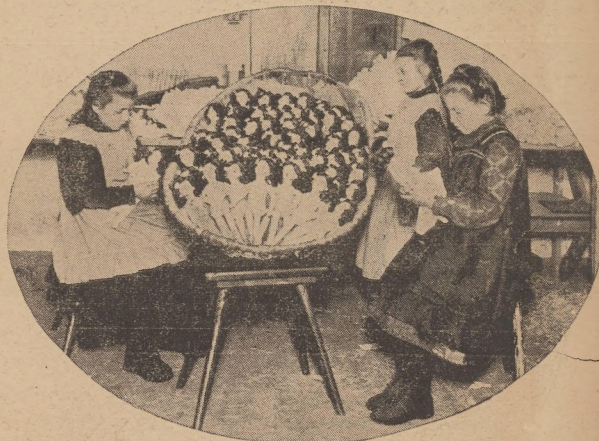


Miss Florence Leech, of Millwall, who has undertaken the gigantic task of collecting a million farthings for St. Cuthbert's Church, Millwall.

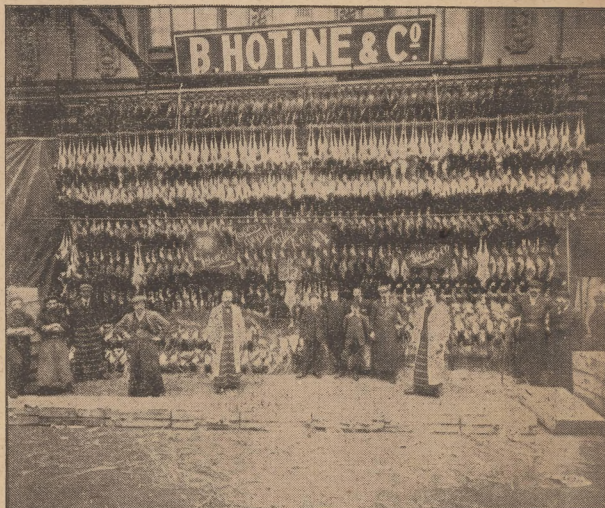
PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.



Showing the artists at work on the scenery for the Drury Lane pantomime, "The White Cat," which is to be produced on Boxing Day.



The dolls and toys which will be hanging on your tree on Christmas Day are made in Germany. Our photograph shows little German girls at work doll-making.



A fine show of Christmas turkeys and geese on view in the Grand Avenue, Leadenhall Market. All London flocks to this market to buy its Christmas dinner.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England,"

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

MR. BRASSER, a millionaire. He has been on an exploring expedition. During his absence his death was announced, and it was proved by Sir Simeon, his late secretary. He has suddenly reappeared.

RICHARD DEVERILL, a distant relation who has received a legacy under the will.

CHAPTER XLVI.

What Simeon Todd Found.

This ebullition of anger had its natural effect. The two men were instantly quieted. Brasser looked at the fragments of glass on the floor, then at him who had thrown them.

"Yes," said Brasser, nodding his head, "that would be the best solution for you, wouldn't it? If you had killed me your troubles would be over. Manslaughter, perhaps—a few months in prison—after that, nobody to question you, nobody to dispute your right to my money. By Jove, you'd have it all. I've never made a will, and you are my only relative. I'm broke now of ready money, but I have come back with the onyx concessions. They will make me rich again—it would all be yours if that decanter had struck me."

Deverill trembling, white of face, looked about. He was relieved to see that his servant had disappeared, that the door was closed.

Without, in the hall, holding some liqueurs on a tray which shook in his hand, stood the man, his ear close to the crack of the door.

"I beg your pardon," said Deverill, brushing his fingers across his eyes, as though to help him to wake to realities. "I am very sorry."

"I said too much," responded Brasser, resuming his seat. "My nerves are shaken, Mr. Deverill. I have been through what no man has ever gone through before. My God, I can't stand it!"

His voice almost broke as he uttered the last words. He had been so wrought up that he was practically hysterical. To such a pass has been brought the cool, the buoyant, the hard-hearted, Brasser, "the laughing hyena," as a few people had called him.

"Go on, go on," said Deverill, "I must hear the whole story now. Let us avoid offensive personalities, Brasser. My interests are the same as yours. I want to help you in every way I can."

"I daresay, I daresay," said Brasser, in a lower key, with an accent of depression. "Skerrett goes to a commissioner authorised to administer oaths—a solicitor in Brighton—answers to his fee, pays his eighteenpenny fee, and there you are. From the point of view of the Probate Court I am a dead man. I daresay they will tell me that I have no right to be alive now. They won't blame themselves—not they. I shouldn't wonder if I didn't get an official request to go and quietly put myself out of the way, so that they can keep their records right and their precedents unbroken. They tell me of anything so mad in your life? I'm dead because a perfect stranger says I am. A man whom they have never seen takes an oath before a man whose signature they don't know—and I'm dead."

"Have you seen this Brighton solicitor?"

"Of course. It took me three days to find out that he lived in Brighton. There was no address on the document—quite unnecessary. He told me. When I found him he didn't even remember the man—turned up his cash-book and by sheer luck found the payment—that was all he knew or cared about it. I wonder that Skerrett ever bothered to go to him at all. He might have scribbled any name beside his own—it would have been quite enough."

"But surely," said Deverill, "he had to go in person to Somerset House."

"Not at all, not at all. He didn't even employ a solicitor—though it would have been just the same if he had. He shoved the will into an envelope, with the declaration of my death, and took it to law stationers and handed them out. They remembered the case, because the figures were big, but they knew nothing of Skerrett—except his cheque for the duty and their fees. I asked them if they required no introductions. They laughed at the idea. Any number of people, they said, were constantly proving wills through them. They said a boy up to Somerset House with a lot of them in a batch. The probate of the will is duly issued, without inquiry, without a question. Yes, Brasser is dead, somebody—anybody—you or the nearest bootblack has sworn it—and his fortune is in the hands of his executor."

"Do you really mean to tell me," said Deverill, "that he can be dead like that?"

"I am telling you what happened," cried Brasser testily. "I've been over each step of his journey backwards. Without loss of time he registered the probate in the books of the various companies and, bold as brass, he marches down into the City. Armed with the probate, every door opens to him. The Bank of England honours his cheques for the funds at his credit in a matter of course. The secretaries of the great railways politely accept his signature to the transfers of my

shares and stock. Even Consols standing in my name by a wave of his pen became instantly saleable. Waterworks, gas companies, the whole of them honour his signature more promptly than they ever honoured mine. The Safe Deposit Company throws open its doors to him, and he is conducted to my safe. The officers chat with him about the weather while he gathers up my securities—over two hundred thousand pounds of them, Mr. Deverill. He sails out of the place with these in his bag, and they bow low to him, and solicit a continuance of his favours."

"By Jove," cried the incredulous hearer, "he did it thoroughly."

"Thoroughly! I tell you he overlooked nothing? I thought there might be some poor little rag of a security forgotten in some out-of-the-way corner—but no, even the deeds in my hands as security for mortgages were re-mortgaged for larger sums and the deeds handed over to others. I've got to pay those, Mr. Deverill, I am responsible. Do you understand now the marvellous ingenuity of the beggar? Do you see that he has stolen even more than I had? You wouldn't think that was possible, would you? It is the fact. He has positively left me worse than nothing. He has performed the great feat of getting more from me than I had. There was, as I told you, only one thing he could not do. He could not secure the payment of my life insurance policies. He did not even try. I was insured for £40,000, and that is all he has left of my estate. But," blazed Brasser, with another downward blow of his fist upon the quivering table, "that £40,000 I cannot touch because I have come to life!"

The impotent wrath of the man thus confronted with a situation so paradoxical aroused some latent vein of humour in Deverill's character, and he hastily checked a smile.

"Insurance companies," continued Brasser, "are not such fools as the law. You must have definite proof of death before you go to them. Who was behind him—who advised him—who showed him how to do these things?"

These sudden, abrupt questions, uttered in a changed key, were punctuated with wild swings of the arm and wild changes of the colour of his face.

"It wasn't him," continued the excited man. "He was not clever enough to see the chance—he was not plucky enough to carry it out by himself. Who is the man who posted that letter to me?"

"Have you tried to find out?"

"An army of detectives are at work. They find nothing suspicious in his life, nothing discreditable in his associations; I shall find out before I finish. I shall leave no stone unturned—shall pour out money like water. Skerrett will be found wherever he may be, and will be dragged to justice."

"But these banks," cried Deverill, "this Safe Deposit Company—are they not responsible?"

"I am advised not," was Brasser's answer. "The probate of the will under the seal of the court clears them entirely."

"You are quite satisfied now, Mr. Brasser," said Deverill, "how innocent I was in the matter. I wish you would change your mind and have something to eat. I'll put you up for the night if you will allow me."

"No," cried Brasser, hastily rising. "I'm going."

Suspicion still brooded over his face as he looked at that host whose hospitality he so persistently refused.

"At least have a drink," said Deverill, as he drained his own glass.

The other shook his head.

"Confound them," said Deverill impatiently, as he turned on his heel, "we'll go in the library."

The moment was coming nearer and nearer in which he would have to confess that he was not a man of means, that he could not refund more than half the money that he had received. How would Brasser take this? A cheque for £200,000 would be very convenient at the end of an hour. He wished to pass through it in the seclusion of his library, free from the observation of his servant. He did not know that the alert curiosity of the man had been so acutely aroused that he was using every means which ingenuity could suggest to hear every word that passed. Deverill ordered him to carry whisky to the library, and directed him not to disturb them.

"Do have a cigar," said the host, when Brasser had seated himself in an easy chair, and was looking moodily at the fire.

Brasser's reply was to extract his own cigarette from his pocket, and smoked for some time in silence, the alertness of Deverill was not the mere expression of inquiry. Deverill well knew what he meant, but did not choose to admit it.

"I have waited for some time," said Brasser, "for a word, but you do not say it. I have noticed the deep sympathy which you have felt for me. Of course, there is one practical way to show it. A cheque for £200,000 would be very convenient at the end of an hour. He wished to pass through it in the seclusion of his library, free from the observation of his servant. He did not know that the alert curiosity of the man had been so acutely aroused that he was using every means which ingenuity could suggest to hear every word that passed. Deverill ordered him to carry whisky to the library, and directed him not to disturb them."

Brasser pronounced the words "death duties" with a snarl.

"I bet," he said meditatively, "that they'll try to hold on to them at Somerset House. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is not the man to part with some thousands if he can help it. He will tell me I am dead—because my secretary swore to it. But that is beside the question. I see you have pen and ink there."

He looked suggestively towards the table as he spoke.

"Mr. Brasser," stammered the unhappy Deverill, "I am placed in a very unfortunate position. I—"

"Eh, what? Do you mean to say you can't pay it?" Brasser leaped to his feet and looked as though apoplexy was about to strike him down. "Give me my twenty thousand pounds."

The manner of this abrupt demand was offensive in the extreme, and Deverill began again to lose a temper excited by much unconscious drinking.

"I owe you the money, of course," he cried, "and you shall receive every penny of it. This is a case, however, that demands mutual consideration. We've both of us, through no fault of our own, been put in an awful hole. 'The hole you wanted to put me in,' screamed Brasser, "was six feet deep, and it had a mound on the top. But I'm not there yet. You talk as though you had been as badly treated as I've been. That won't do—there's no use in talking to me about mutual consideration and that kind of rot. You have no family, you have a decent income, you live quietly. A windfall drops, you pick it up—and now you plead that you can't restore it to the owner. No, Mr. Deverill, that won't do for me. Give me my twenty thousand pounds."

"Brasser, I was in the money-lender's hands when that money came. I had been speculating, I had lost much more than I could afford. I can show you one cheque for over five thousand pounds paid to one person for a debt."

"You're in it as deep as Skerrett, I believe," said the purple-faced Brasser, beside himself with rage.

He did not believe it at all, as a matter of fact. He was convinced that Deverill was innocent, but he was no longer the cool, audacious Brasser of two months before. He was a broken man, who could no longer control his fiery temper.

"That's enough," cried Deverill. "We shall have to adjust this matter through our solicitors."

"And the police-court magistrates," added Brasser, with vindictive emphasis.

Deverill, deadly pale, walked over to the clock and put his finger on the glass over the hour hand. "If you don't get out of this house when that hand touches the half hour, I'll put you out," he said in a voice of concentrated passion.

"I'll have you served with a writ to-morrow," screamed Brasser, "I'll disgrace you, I'll ruin you. I'll put you in the bankruptcy court. You can't bluster with me. I'll show you that Brasser's alive—oh, yes, very much alive."

He strode out of the room, muttering to himself

He would down the hall the assurance that he was alive—very much alive.

Deverill could hear sounds from the stables. He listened mechanically to the noise of the starting of the motor-engine. He heard crunching of gravel as the machine went out through his gate. He waited until the rattle of the car had become faint, then he went to the window and his eyes he set down to think over the change in his future that the resurrection of Brasser meant for him.

"Money troubles again," he groaned to himself, "poverty and misery and debt. Worry, worry, all the time—and about Rosamond, too. She said, 'right that she saw bad luck in the dead orchid. If the householder had only behaved decently I should have given him a cheque for half. If he is going to make it hot for me I might as well hold on to it for a day or two. Gad, if he'd only run his machine into the ditch—what a relief it would be. Brasser dead—yes, he said it himself—all my troubles would be over. No, not all. But money would gild the other. If Rosamond is forced to fly with me, I shall want money, tons of it. Nothing else can make up to her for what she loses."

He looked at the clock, drained his glass, then rang the bell.

"Why did he come back?" he muttered. "He was dead, he had no right to. Brasser dead, my troubles would be over. He said it himself."

His servant entered the room, and stood with expressionless face awaiting his orders.

"Clark," he said, "I have had an awkward evening with this person who has just left. Should he ever come here again do not admit him. I am going to bed now; I will leave you to lock up the house. Call me if I hear anything."

At seven o'clock the next morning Simeon Todd, driving his cart, which contained three cans of milk, towards the railway station at Knoyle, found his way blocked in Corner-lane. A motor-car stood in the middle of the lane, and its occupant paid no attention to the call of the belated milkman.

Simeon Todd raved and stormed at the stolid figure, and at last threw down the reins, leaped from his cart and ran, still shouting, to the motor.

Though almost certain to miss his train he grinned as he came near. He dimly recalled the saying about Providence maintaining a special watch over drunkards.

The man in the motor was leaning forward on the steering-wheel, his head resting on his arm. Simeon Todd thought him sound asleep, and seized hold of the upturned collar of his overcoat. He gave the man a shake and then let go. The silent figure swayed stiffly—then fell to the floor of the car.

Simeon Todd started back, stared, then ran to his cart. He looked at the astonished horse into a gallop, and in fifteen minutes was in front of the police-station in Easton Knoyle.

"There's a dead man," he cried to the constable, "lying in his motor-car in Corner-lane. He's stiff and cold—and his cheek is full of shot."

(To be continued.)

NOTE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND PRIZES.—Unusually high for Sterling Value. MAGNIFICENT Stock of fine Gold Jewellery, Silver Goods, and Watches. It will be sold at a special direct price. See our list of SAUNDERS & LAWRENCE, 28 to 31, Liverpool-street; 97, Fleet-street; 65, St. Paul's Church-yard; 276-277, Pentonville-road, London.—(Adv.)

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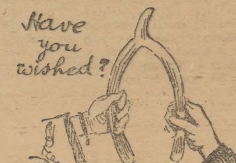
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A BALLOON

24in. in circumference will be sent upon receipt of a stamped directed envelope, or half a dozen for Six penny stamps. Address: RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N.

Good News

Your washing done better with half the work. Fels-Naptha saves both back and clothes. Very little rubbing.

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NEW YORK'S GOOD EXAMPLE

WHICH AN L.C.C. REPORT HOLDS UP
FOR LONDON TO FOLLOW.

Yesterday the London County Council published a report, written by the chairman of the Highways Committee, on the New York Rapid Transit Railway, opened a few weeks ago. Mr. Baker praises



This shows how near the New York "Underground" is to the level of the street.

this line very highly. It is, he believes, "in advance of any other scheme of city transit in the world."

This railway is not anything like so deep as our "Tube"—not even so far down as the "Underground." Most of it is only twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the street. It is, therefore, quite well ventilated, and no time is wasted in getting down the short staircases which lead from the street to the stations.

There are four sets of rails, two for expresses, the other two for local stopping trains. From City Hall to the Grand Central Station at Forty-second-street, the express trains take only six minutes. The distance is about four miles, much the same as from the Bank to Notting Hill Gate. The speed is about forty-five miles an hour.

The stations are very handsomely built of glazed brick and marble, with platforms constructed of

stone, very wide and long. At the present time there is a tremendous agitation going on against advertisements being put up in the stations.

The railroad contractors are now busy completing the railway from City Hall to South Ferry. Water,



One of the Rapid Transit Railway stations, handsomely built of glazed brick and marble.

telephone, and gas pipes have been taken up and raised upon trestles high in the air. Lower Broadway looks like a besieged city, and clerks have to jump like hurdle racers over trenches and excavations of various kinds.



Photograph of Broadway, showing the gas and water mains raised high above the sidewalks, so that the railway can be made under the street.

THE AMERICAN MADAME HUMBERT.

(Continued from page 4.)

All the poor woman could do was to stint herself to allow her daughter as much money as she desired, and to cover as well as she might the girl's misdoings.

For two years Lylie Bigley restrained the fierce impulses of her temperament. Beyond the comment that "Lylie Bigley dressed perfectly, and wore magnificent jewels," the people of Woodstock thought that the girl had profited by her terrible lesson.

It was not so. The beautiful girl had grown into a more beautiful woman. But beyond the charm of more beauty she possessed a strange, almost hypnotic power over those who came under her influence.

"It is her voice," declared one of the infatuated men who had gone heavily into debt to buy the diamonds she craved.

It was a low voice, deep, intense, and thrilling. There was a subtle music about it, and in moments of emotion the flashing eye and the low, quivering voice moved even the girl's own relatives.

There are many stories told to-day in Woodstock of those who came under the spell of Lylie Bigley's influence.

An elderly man arrived at the Bigley home one day. "You have ruined my son," said the man bitterly, "and almost ruined me. I am paying for the very rings on your finger with the blood of anguish."

A VICTIM SPARED.

The girl stood pale and composed before the trembling old man. Suddenly her eyes flashed. "How much has your son spent on me?" she demanded.

"Eight thousand dollars" (£1,000), he stammered.

Her voice dropped. "Send him to me to-morrow at four," she said.

The boy arrived, haggard and hopeless. His money had gone, and instinct told him that she no longer wanted him.

But Lylie Bigley never made an enemy of a man, though women hated her.

The young man waited for her in her own luxurious sitting-room. She came with a smile in her eyes and a caress in her softly-spoken greeting.

"You foolish boy," she said, and allowed him to touch her gleaming hair; "you foolish boy to have

got into trouble for me. Take this money back. Go and work and come to me again when you have succeeded. I shall still like diamonds—and you."

It was a curious phase of the girl's strange temperament. She was relentless often, but at times an almost childish remorse seized her.

The young Canadian coloured with anger. "How dare you, Lylie?" he cried indignantly.

"I never ask my friends to do little things for me. It is a great thing I ask you to do," she said softly. She used all the subtle power of beauty and voice and personality. Broken and weeping, the man left her.

"I have been very weak to-day," she told her mother afterwards.

"I MUST HAVE MONEY."

As time passed Lylie Bigley contemptuously forced her way back to the good opinion of the people of Woodstock. When she was twenty she was the central figure at every party, every ball. At times she was childishly vain of her beauty and powers of attraction.

"I can play with the world," she told Mrs. Bigley exultingly one night.

At length there came a day when the worried mother could no longer satisfy her daughter's exorbitant demands.

"I cannot give you 1,000 dollars, Lylie," she said pitifully; "the banks will lend me no more."

"It doesn't matter," said the girl carelessly. She was going driving, and wore a set of magnificent furs.

That afternoon she allowed her fiery impulses full rein. The young doctor who drove her was dazzled by the strange brilliance of the girl.

"What is it, Lylie?" he asked helplessly. "You make me feel as clay in your hands. But you are heartless—heartless. It is just the good time—not the man—you like."

"Nonsense, Tony," said the girl, laughing her low musical laugh, "you're just the nicest man."

"Is that honest, Lylie?" demanded the man sternly.

"Of course it is. How foolish you are," she replied, a curious hard look coming into her eyes.

"Well, then marry me," he said; "there's no need for me to tell you I care for you. You know that."

Lylie Bigley hesitated a moment. She had been on the verge of accepting three or four men during the month. None was quite all this young Dr.

LEAVES A NASTY TASTE.

Tolstoy Play Produced by the Stage Society
Causes Positive Nausea.

"The Power of Darkness" is the Stage Society's idea of a nice, cheerful Christmas entertainment.

In Act I: a Russian farmer's wife plots to murder him because she loves a labourer.

In Act II: he dies.

In Act III: she and her labourer quarrel realistically, and he gets very drunk.

In Act IV: they murder a baby.

In Act V: the drunken labourer repents, denounces all the partners of his sins, and is marched off to gaol.

If it were not by Count Tolstoy, it would be called degrading rubbish.

It was very badly translated, and the actors could do little with such poor material.

Mr. Lyall Swete and Mr. O. B. Clarence strove hard to galvanise it into life; and Miss Dolores Drummond, as a wicked old woman, showed the modern actress what acting really means.

But it is a performance which depresses one all through, and at times makes one feel quite sick.

Those who want to see it after reading this description can go to the Royalty Theatre this afternoon. They had better take their flasks and smelling-salts with them.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE HOOLEY CASE.

Your article on the Hooley case is "straight talk" such as one seldom reads. I agree with every word.

Sir Robert Finlay is the worst Attorney-General we have had, so far as his advice goes; and Sir Edward Carson made a hopeless mess of this case.

They ought both to be called upon to resign before they waste any more money.

A SOLICITOR.

Raymond-buildings, Gray's Inn.

TRUMPERY READING.

Mr. John Morley denounces the "middle classes" for having trumpery books on their bookshelves.

As a matter of fact, the middle-class reads little, and what it does read it gets from the libraries.

It is the idle "upper classes" who encourage the fifth-rate novelist. They will read any garbage which is offered them, E. P. R. Wimbledon.

"WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?"

Mr. Pegg wishes to know how many generations make a snob. I would refer him to "Fifth Generation," who seems fully qualified to answer that question. W. L. FARNSWORTH. Manor House, South Normanton, Derbyshire.

One of the most perfect gentlemen I know, in both manners and, better still, in feeling, is a shoemaker. TWENTY-FIFTH GENERATION.

THE UNCOMPLAINING POOR.

A great deal is being done to help the poor. People are shocked by the misery they see. What about the sufferings that are not seen and heard of, the misery in shabby-gentle houses, in respectable streets?

Nearly every day I read a pathetic appeal from Miss Faithfull, 20, Great Portland-street, on behalf of poor gentlewomen. Mrs. Power Lalor, in Ireland, pleads for the same cause in her own country.

These ladies could find good use for many hundreds of pounds. M. A. B. Folkestone.

THE DANGEROUS ALIEN.

Last year a Jew in the East End smacked a Christian boy's ear. Boy told his father. Father chastised the Jew. In a very few moments the Jews rushed out of their overcrowded dens in scores and attacked the Christians with sticks and stones. The Christians got reinforcements, and soon there was a battle royal between them, about 200 each side, and only the timely arrival of police prevented a serious riot.

This will show how easily the embers of revolution which are smouldering would, with the slightest puff, spread into a serious conflagration. WATCHER.

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN SAYING.

Sir E. Carson and the Hooley Case.

The case for the prosecution was pitched much too high. The Solicitor-General seems to have thought to get to the winning-post by whip and spur. It may be doubted whether the hard riding mended matters.—*The Times*.

Taste for Ugly Dolls.

One of the most curious of children's preferences in the Kingdom of Dolls is for the ugly doll. The black-haired Golliwig, with his leery eyes and his hideous face, will hold the affection of a child far longer than the dainty silk creature with the blue eyes and the flaxen hair.—*The Globe*.

Over-Eating and Cold in the Head.

A common "cold" is emphatically a physiological explosion by which nature lets off steam, which the subject of it has been gradually getting up by over-stoking his boiler. Or, to use another metaphor, it is a physiological storm by which nature clears the air of mephitic emanations produced by a too luxurious diet.—*A doctor in the Daily Express*.

Christmas Fare in the Markets.

The week before Christmas is one in which to see the four great central markets of London at their highest pitch of activity, abundance, and variety. Even under normal conditions the quantity of food there handled daily is enormous; but at this season the supplies are doubled and trebled, and disposed of with a briskness that could not be bettered in hustling Chicago.—*London Argus*.

The Religion of Japan.

"The essence of Shintoism is cleanliness of conscience. The commonest prayer of it runs: 'Our eyes may see some uncleanness, but let not our mind hear things that are not clean. Our ears may hear some uncleanness, but let not our mind hear things that are unclean,' and so forth." The faith is well shown in a sacred poem, which says, "So long as a man's mind is in accord with the way of truthfulness, the gods will guard him, though he may not pray."—*Baron Suyematsu, in the Independent Review*.

ANOTHER FORGED BILL.

"I'm going to New York for a few days," she announced to her mother one day. Mrs. Bigley sighed, but said nothing. She could no longer reason with her daughter.

The girl went to New York and returned with her bridal outfit. Her mother surveyed the beautiful gowns and the diamonds with a great fear in her heart.

A few days before her marriage a score of local tradespeople anxiously presented their bills. Mrs. Bigley was agast. "I cannot pay them," she declared, and despairingly went to her son-in-law.

But that morning a note had come from a prominent New York banker notifying her brother-in-law, Mr. Campbell, of a bill of his for 20,000 dollars, which had been cashed for Miss Bigley.

"My God," he said bitterly, "the girl must be mad. I suppose the bill must be met, but I pity her husband."

"You need not trouble," Lylie said, with her curious smile. "I shall meet it myself before it becomes due."

(To-morrow we shall show how Lylie Bigley continued her life of fraud and extravagance, and how she came to grief the first time.)

THE CHESTNUT SEASON—HOW TO TURN THE FRUIT TO CULINARY ACCOUNT.

A NEGLECTED DAINTY.

HOW TO COOK AND SERVE CHESTNUTS.

CHESTNUT AND SAUSAGE FARCE.

INGREDIENTS:—One pound of chestnuts, one pound of Spanish onions, quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, two sausages, two ounces of butter, one grated lemon rind, one egg, nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste.

To make this excellent stuffing for the Christmas turkey boil the chestnuts for ten minutes, then take off the outer husks. Continue to boil them till they are tender. Next, rub them through a wire sieve. Boil the onions till they are tender, then chop them finely. Mix together the chestnuts, onions, crumbs, sausage-meat (from which the skins have been removed), butter (which should first be melted), and seasoning. Next, beat up the egg, add it to the other ingredients, and if it does not bind the mixture, add some more egg.

MARRONS GLACES.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of Italian chestnuts, one and a half pounds of lump sugar, three-quarters of a pint of water, vanilla.

Boil the chestnuts for five minutes, then remove the outer skin. Next put them into a pan of fresh boiling water, and let them cook gently until a needle will pass through them easily; then take off the brown skins, being careful not to break the chestnuts.

Now prepare the syrup. Dissolve the sugar in the water, then boil it until it is clear; put in the chestnuts and a vanilla bean. Place the pan in a warm place where the syrup will be kept hot, and leave it for two or three days until the chestnuts look clear. Then drain them from the syrup, and boil the latter to 335 deg. Now dip in the chestnuts, let them dry slightly, and arrange them in fancy paper cases. Italian chestnuts are usually 4d. a pound, while Spanish ones are 2d.; but the latter break much more easily, as they have a hard core running through the centre, which it is very difficult to remove.

CHESTNUTS AND BROWN SAUCE.

INGREDIENTS:—One pint of chestnuts, one and a half pints of stock, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one tablespoonful of tomato ketchup, half an ounce of glaze, salt and pepper.

Boil the nuts from ten to fifteen minutes until the skins and husks can be taken off. When they are all off put the nuts in a pan with the boiling stock and cook them gently for thirty minutes, or till they can be easily pierced with a needle, then drain them from the stock. Next melt the butter in a clean saucepan, add to it the flour, and fry it carefully till it is brown, then add about three-quarters of a pint of the stock, stir it over the fire till it boils, season it to taste with salt, pepper, and a little lemon-juice, and lastly add the glaze and ketchup. Pile the chestnuts up in a hot dish and strain the sauce over them.

MASHED CHESTNUTS.

These make an excellent course as a vegetable, and many people use them instead of mashed potatoes.

INGREDIENTS:—One pint of chestnuts, one ounce of butter, salt and pepper, a little milk.

Shell and skin the nuts as in the previous recipe. Put them into a pan of fast-boiling water and boil them for twenty minutes. Then add to them half a teaspoonful of salt and boil till they are soft. Next drain off the water and rub the nuts through a sieve. Put them back in the saucepan with the butter and about two tablespoonfuls of milk, and make them very hot. See that they are nicely seasoned, and serve them in a hot vegetable dish.

CHESTNUT PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS:—Fifty large chestnuts, half a pint each of milk and cream, four ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, six eggs, vanilla.

Throw the chestnuts into a pan of boiling water for five minutes, then take off the outer skins and boil the chestnuts till they are quite tender. Next take off the inner skins and rub the nuts through a fine sieve. Put the pulp into a saucepan with the milk, cream, sugar, butter, and

a pinch of salt. Stir the mixture over the fire till it thickens and leaves the sides of the pan easily. Let it cool slightly, then add to it the beaten yolks of the eggs and the whites of four of them beaten to a very stiff froth. Stir them in lightly and add a nice flavouring of vanilla. Put the mixture into a thickly buttered mould and steam it for one and a half hours. Serve good wine sauce with it.

DEVILED CHESTNUTS.

INGREDIENTS:—One pint of chestnuts, two ounces of butter, salt and cayenne.

Shell and boil the chestnuts till they are tender, then dry them. Melt the butter in a clean frying-pan, and when it is hot put in the nuts and toss them about in the pan over the fire till they are

The blouse on the right has a yoke trimmed with chiffon ropes, caught together at intervals by ornamental buttons. It would look most effective in two shades of mauve.



Above is shown a tailor-made shirt, to be carried out in flannel, with a double-breasted front met by pleats on either side.

a golden colour. Mix a little fine salt with half the quantity of cayenne. Sprinkle the chestnuts well with this, and serve them in a hot dinner-napkin. This proportion of cayenne may be too hot for some people, so reduce it to suit individual taste.

STEWED CHESTNUTS.

INGREDIENTS:—Two pounds of chestnuts, two pounds of loaf sugar, one quart of water, a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Throw the chestnuts into a pan of fast-boiling water and boil them ten minutes. Next carefully remove the skins and husks, which should come off quite easily.

Put the sugar into a saucepan with the water and vanilla, and bring it to the boil, then put in the chestnuts, and let them simmer gently till they can be easily pierced with a needle. They frequently take some hours. They should be soft and the syrup thick. Lift the chestnuts on to a glass dish and strain the syrup over. Serve with them whipped cream which has been nicely sweetened and flavoured with vanilla.

LESSON IN LAUNDRY-WORK.

FOLDING AND MANGLING.

Have a basin of water and dampen or sprinkle the clothes if they are too dry.

Fold the clothes as nearly as possible of an equal thickness or they will not look well when mangled. Avoid unnecessary creases.

Clothes which are to be starched should be sprinkled and rolled very tightly.

Be exact in folding. The selvages ought to be at the sides and the article folded lengthwise. Clothes should remain a few hours folded in a basket before being mangled.

Sheets should be folded by two persons, the

corners put together, the selvages at the sides, the hems to the ends, and the right side out; then doubled a second time, folded and put down straight, ready for the mangle. They should be

put through the mangle twice lengthwise, then hung up to air and dry thoroughly.

Tablecloths ought not to be very dry. If there are dry parts these should be sprinkled with water to dampen them. Let two persons take the tablecloth by the hems, the right side in, and put the corners neatly together; then double the second time, having the selvage down the side, then let each person drop one single fold and pick it up on the other side, thus leaving a fold down the middle and two side folds on the same side of the cloth. When this is done, let it be firmly drawn out quite straight, and neatly folded for the mangle.

They should be put twice or three times through the mangle, then placed on a table and ironed with a hot iron to give them a gloss all on the right side. Open out one fold at a time and iron it, then the next, and so on, restoring the folds as they were. Tablecloths may be done in the same way, using a very hot iron and afterwards folding them in four corners. Nightdresses with frills or trimming had better be only ironed, as the mangle wears and tears trimmings.

Flannel garments may be put through the mangle and also stockings. The latter are folded with the seam in the middle, and the foot flat, then the foot is folded up and the top turned down, dividing the stocking in three.

REFLECTIONS ON FRIENDSHIP

WHAT TO CULTIVATE AND WHAT TO AVOID.

In the cultivation of friendships exercise the twin virtues of courtesy and common sense. The one and only way to win and to keep friends is to learn how to be uniformly agreeable and sweetly reasonable.

Don't exact of others more than you are willing to give and do yourself. There are men and women by the score who expect friends to be given them, and are not one bit considerate towards them. Make yourself agreeable, and friends will come to you as readily as bees gather about the honey-pot.

To be liked you must first of all be liberal-minded and charitable. Learn quickly and learn thoroughly that the hypocritical individual who is for ever discomfiting about his or her lofty ideals, and who is ready to pick faulty human nature in others to pieces, is never trusted and never loved. Don't expect to find perfect friends. You are not perfect yourself by any manner of means. Love your friends for their virtues, and be very ready to see and admit their good points. Concerning their faults preserve a large and generous silence, and do not fall a victim to the common and fatal practice of talking people over with others, a particularly unlovely habit when such people are your so-called friends.

A WINTER OCCUPATION.

LEARN TO BIND YOUR OWN BOOKS.

Girls with leisure at their disposal are finding the binding of books a charming occupation. It is an eighteenth century fashion which is being revived. Cloth is used as well as tapestry and satin, and small bits left over from furniture upholstery are very useful for the purpose. The covers are made of pasteboard, with cloth covering them like a pillow-case, and the back is put on separately. Sometimes ribbons are used across the back laced through tiny slits. These make charming Christmas presents when daintily executed.

Nervous Exhaustion

How Bishop's Tonules Quickly Restore the Nerves

Are you conscious that your daily work or daily round of pleasure is making too heavy a demand on your nervous system? Are you feeling fatigued, languid, depressed, irritable, worn-out, wanting in confidence and pluck, and do you find it difficult to concentrate your mind on the business before you?

If so, you certainly want something that will pick you up immediately, pull you together, make you feel fresh, energetic, and vigorous, and that something you will find in Bishop's Tonules. They put new life into every organ of the body, improve the appetite, promote the assimilation of your food, stimulate the liver, increase the flow of bile, completely renew the nerves, and assist the building up of the tissues. In short, as a gentleman who has used them writes:—"Bishop's Tonules have made quite a new man of me."

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman Street, Mile End New Town, London, and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug-Store for 2s. 6d. per vial (containing 14 days' treatment), or direct from Alfred Bishop, Lengthwise, 4, GAY'S, Royal Palace, 33, Waterloo Bridge Road, London, S.E.

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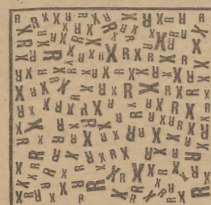
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